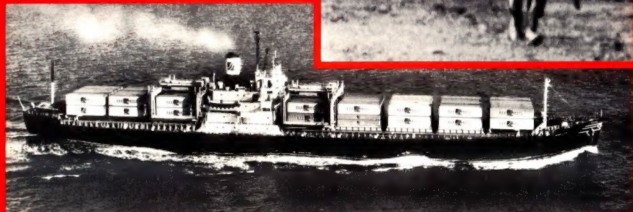
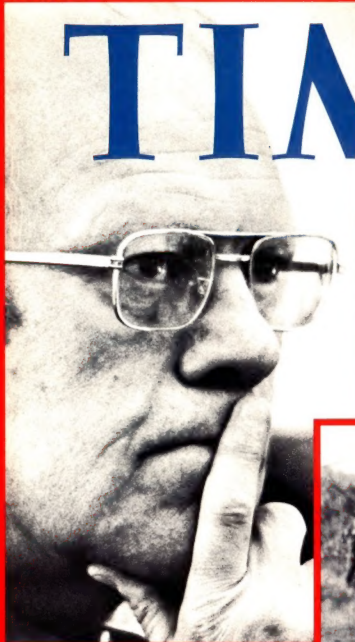


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MAY 26, 1975

TIME

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T1-26

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*Based on comparison of manufacturers' suggested retail prices for base models.



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Chevrolet

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*Dollar value based on rate of exchange of 380F per US\$1 current at the time program was established, subject to fluctuations which may occur during validity period April 1, 1975 to March 31, 1976.

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TS/26

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FORUM

After the End, the Aftermath

To the Editors:

Out at last, out at last. Thank God we're out at last.

Phil Hummel
West Branch, Mich.

It is very sad to realize that the "light at the end of the tunnel" was a red one.

Peter Collinson
Mount Pleasant, Mich.

Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses, yearning to
breathe free...

Considering the reaction of many Americans to the arrival of the unfor-

\$500 million requested for the refugees is comparable to amounts the Administration tried to slice out of the food stamp and similar social programs. And it is hard to forget the joblessness and inadequate benefits afforded those black veterans who fought in Viet Nam.

The Vietnamese will not have an easy time adjusting, especially in view of America's traditional racism. They'll need some help, but it should be in addition to, not in place of, federal programs that are so urgently needed by our own minorities and poor.

Vernon E. Jordan Jr.
Executive Director
National Urban League, New York City



tunate South Vietnamese refugees, perhaps we should have a national referendum on whether or not those words should be removed from the Statue of Liberty on the ground that they are an outdated platitude.

Allen C. Johnson
Laramie, Wyo.

From what I am able to distill, Henry Kissinger's theory is that if you lose a war, you import the people of the country you've lost.

Who would ever have thought that the real meaning behind the domino theory was that when the game was over, you'd put your pieces in a CSA and fly home with them?

Stanley R. Lapon
Cambridge, Mass.

The way the issue of the Vietnamese refugees has leaped to the top of the national priority list is unfortunate.

Black citizens are especially concerned that their long-unmet needs are treated with neglect while successive waves of anti-Communist refugees from Hungary, China, and now Viet Nam, have got a big boost from federal crash programs. It is hard to forget that the

The Miami Cuban exile experience was unique in our national refugee history. More than 675,000 Cubans have been absorbed into our nation in 15 years, and 350,000 now live mostly harmoniously in Greater Miami. The assimilation was gradual in an economically prosperous decade. The Cubans were predominantly well educated and skilled in a trade or profession. They not only became a part of but dominated an already well-established Latin community in a city a few hundred miles from their homeland.

The Vietnamese exile problem is different. The economy is now bad, 65% of this new group are children or young people, and as yet they have no home away from home.

If the pattern of past immigrations holds, the Vietnamese will eventually congregate in one or two American cities. If this centripetal tendency is understood and properly utilized, it can become a positive force.

As a nation of 220 million people, mostly descendants of immigrants in the past 100 years, the impact of 130,000 new, educated people should not be too severe.

Maurice A. Ferré
Mayor of the City of Miami
Miami

May I suggest six American cities in which it would be appropriate to resettle the Vietnamese refugees: Independence, Mo., Gettysburg, Pa., Hyannisport, Mass., Johnson City, Texas, San Clemente, Calif., and Grand Rapids.

Frank Walker
Exeter, N.H.

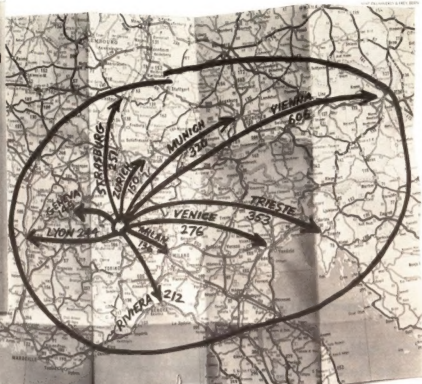
Blue Bicentennial

Isn't it strange that we will be celebrating our country's bicentennial under the first President no one elected, and that we will be celebrating at the end of the war in which we suffered

**It's only 212 miles from the Matterhorn to the Riviera.
If you didn't know that, this page will help you plan
a better European vacation.**

Europe The Alpine Region

Switzerland, Germany, Austria,
Italy, France, Monaco, Yugoslavia



The more you know about Europe before you go, the better your trip will be.

The Center of Europe.

For reasons that aren't as self serving as they appear, we suggest that the best place to start your vacation is in the center of Europe. In Switzerland. Because Switzerland is also the center of an area known as the Alpine Region. Besides Switzerland, this region includes parts of France, Italy, Austria, Germany, Yugoslavia and all of Monaco. Just about every kind of sight you'd expect in Europe is here.

The Alps Are More Than Mountains.

The Alps stretch all the way to the Mediterranean and the Adriatic. Within that compact domain there are the French and Italian Rivières, Yugoslavia's Dalmatian coast and the canals of Venice. Further inland, in Switzerland, there are crystal clear lakes, with cities like Lausanne, Lucerne, and Lugano nestled along them. Many of the great rivers of Europe make their descent out of the Alps. The Rhine, the Rhone, and the Po wind their twisting ways through the cities and countryside of the Alpine Region.

The Alps Are Cities.

The cities of the Alps offer all the sophistication of the more famous metropolises. But in an area that is easily covered in a couple of days. There's cosmopolitan Geneva with its ancient

streets and breathtaking shores. Vienna with its Lipizzaner horses and hundreds of outdoor cafes. And while you're no doubt aware of the casinos of Monte Carlo and gemütlichkeit of Munich, don't forget the 3-star restaurants of Lyon, the never ending shops of Zurich's Bahnhofstrasse, and the La Scala opera of Milan.

Travelling Through the Alpine Region.

No matter which way you choose to see the Alpine Region, it's difficult not to see a lot. If you really want to be on your own, Swissair's Take-A-Break fly and drive packages can give you a car with unlimited free mileage. Driving through the countryside you could sample the wines of the Rhine valley, the cheese of Appenzel, the lamb of Provence, or the first truffles of the year in Strasbourg.

Just remember to stay flexible enough to be able to follow the Danube for a few more hours. To be seduced by Ticino for an extra night.

Your travel agent or Swissair will be glad to assist in planning your trip. Besides wide-bodied flights from New York, Boston, Chicago, Toronto and Montreal to the two gateways to the Alps, Zurich and Geneva, we have more tours of the Alpine Region than anyone.

For a copy of our Best of All Worlds catalogue, see your travel agent or write Swissair at 608 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10020.



So how does the Japanese Steak House prepare your steak? Ah-so.

Aged prime steak is cooked before your eyes, to your taste, by a beautiful kimono-clad waitress-chef. That's how the hibachi-grilled steaks are prepared at the Japanese Steak House.

You get the feeling you're in Japan without going to Japan. You're surrounded by authentic Japanese wall decorations, prints, and even authentic Japanese dining tables in the Tatami Room.



In the Hibachi Room, you sit at a table that becomes the cooking grill, and you watch as your steak Teriyaki or shrimp Tempura or chicken Yakitori is cooked ah-so. The AH-SO Lounge is the place to meet for cocktails. To take care of the tab, bring the American Express Card. If you don't have the Card, just pick up an application at any Japanese Steak House restaurant. 210 E. Ohio Street, Chicago, Illinois.



The American Express Card. Don't leave home without it.

FORUM

our first total defeat? I really think memorial services for a dead country would be a bit more in order.

Whitt Pond
Boston

Sikkim Sorrow

Sikkim was an ancient little kingdom. Then the Indian army came along, bringing the blessings of democracy. The people voted—under Indian supervision, of course—and decided they really had no use for independence. Nothing would make them happier than to be incorporated into a country that cannot even feed its own starving people.

Now Sikkim is India's internal affair. Isn't democracy wonderful?

Glenn Po Oey
Ithaca, N.Y.

Bicycle's Glory

Mr. Kanfer calls Mark Twain's *Connecticut Yankee* the "only literary work" in which the bicycle's glory is sung [April 9]. Albert Schweitzer, born just 100 years ago, was eight or nine when the rumor spread in his Alsatian village that a "speed-runner" was at the village inn. Schweitzer says in his charming childhood memoirs: "Today's young people can't imagine what the coming of the bicycle meant to us. A hitherto undreamed of possibility of getting into nature was opened before us, and I made full and joyous use of it."

The bicycle not only shines in Schweitzer's story, he also tells of the obstacles it had to overcome in a deeply conservative village. It caused the horses to bolt. And when Schweitzer himself was able to afford a bike, his father's parishioners thought it arrogant, and certainly unbecoming for the son of a minister.

Peter H. Olden
Prescott, Ariz.

Yes, there is something better than biking—walking. For physical and psychological health and aesthetic and adventurous pleasure, walking is second to none.

Wallace C. Hurt
St. Clair, Mich.

To say that the bicycle is "the only first-class transportation left to humanity" is to insult horse owners. Horses can reproduce, travel through mud, jump obstacles and return affection. I would love to see a steel frame and wheels perform this way.

Anita Brandt
Williamsville, N.Y.

Tragic Cliché

Your drama critic says that Glenda Jackson [May 5] has reduced Hedda Gabler's "Dionysian will to freedom" to a case of "suburban jitters." Is that a "travesty" or an updating? Hedda was triv-

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- Evil Exposed, 1 Cor. 4:5
- Universal Destruction Possible, Matt. 24:21,22

WHY be excited about Christ's Return? Because it promises good things for all men...the answer to the oft told prayer, "Thy Kingdom Come on Earth". It promises...

- A Righteous Kingdom, Dan. 2:44
- Real World Peace, Isa. 9:6,7
- Abundant Food Supply, Amos 9:14
- Ecological Balance, Isa. 35:1,2
- Equity For All, Micah 4:4
- No More Death, Rev. 21:4

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Could the headquarters of the U.N. Economic Commission for Africa be in Johannesburg, South Africa?



There's no reason why it couldn't—except that South Africa itself is barred from this Commission.

Many people are surprised to hear that we were expelled some years ago from the United Nations Economic Commission for Africa on purely ideological grounds. One pundit remarked at the time:

"The door has been shut on the one country most likely to cure Africa's many economic ailments. It's like shutting out the doctor and hoping for miracle cures."

South Africa is one of only twenty six industrially developed countries in the world and the only one in Africa—according to the United Nations.

It is the only country in Africa that still has food for others after having fed its own. It leads the continent in every form of technical know-how and research.

Small wonder then that many African states have bypassed the U. N. Economic Commission to seek our assistance.

In 1974, for example, we dispatched 14.9 million doses of veterinary vaccine to eight of our black neighboring countries.

There's absolutely no reason why Johannesburg should not host the U. N. Economic Commission for Africa—provided South Africa is accepted back as a full member.

Further information about South Africa can be obtained from: The Information Counsellor, South African Embassy, 3051 Massachusetts Ave. N.W., WASHINGTON D.C. 20008.

The Amateur Executor.

His hard work only caused hard feelings.



Administering a will through probate is no job for a novice. George found that out when he served as executor for a friend.

Inexperience caused him to make some costly errors. And now the family blames him. In spite of the personal sacrifice he made in time and effort.

It wasn't all wasted, though. George's

experience—or lack of it—caused him to re-think his own will. And to revise it, naming The Northern Trust as executor.

His lawyer recommended us because of our objectivity, experience, administrative abilities, investment skills, and tax expertise.

But George was most impressed with

our reputation for sensitivity in dealing with a family's needs when tact and good judgment are needed most.

Ask your lawyer about us. And for our free booklet "Choosing Your Executor," contact Ray E. Marchman, Jr., Vice President, The Northern Trust Company, 50 S. LaSalle St., Chicago 60690. (312) 346-5500.

The Northern Trust
Bring your future to us.

alized before Ms. Jackson took her up. The "unfulfilled woman" has become a cliché, and that is indeed a tragedy.

Bette Bonacci
Lockport, Ill.

Rabbits Beware

Shame on you for favorably publicizing the traffic outlaws who run the Cannonball Dash [May 5] and subject a lot of non-contestants to risks that should go only with one of the world's most dangerous sports.

What's wrong with these heroes running only among their own kind at Le Mans or Indianapolis or on the dirt bull-rings of the Middle West, where traffic is, omitting spectacular exceptions, headed in the same direction? Wildlife might be safer, too. Usually the winners don't have to fight their way through so many rabbits.

Robert H. Johnson
Bronxville, N.Y.

Cheers to the Cannonball Baker entrants! It's reassuring to know that some Americans have not been cowed by the ludicrous 55 m.p.h. speed limits. It is unreasonable to demand that Nevada superhighways and New York backroads be traveled at the same speed. The Cannonball serves to illustrate that the American road system is capable of supporting high speed travel safely.

Debra Kaplan
Ithaca, N.Y.

Roots of Salsa

I have nothing against my fellow Latinos, but the Cuban refugees did not exactly come to the rescue of Puerto Rican or Latin music [May 5]. I grew up with salsa. Puerto Rican salsa has been alive and well since 1493, with due respect to our Indian predecessors. The Latin "sound" didn't just materialize in the trash heaps of New York; its roots hark back to the lush tropical climate and gracious living of a proud people.

Idalie Muñoz Muñoz
Philadelphia

Patty's Trail

The issue of March 24, 1975, falsely states that early last summer Patricia Hearst and two other fugitives stayed for a week at a motel that Mr. and Mrs. John J. Scott managed in Las Vegas. Although Mr. and Mrs. Scott currently manage an apartment complex in Las Vegas, they did not begin to do so until mid-November 1974. During the entire summer and well into the fall, they managed nothing—not a hotel, motel or apartment building of any kind.

Doron Weinberg, Attorney
San Francisco

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TIME, MAY 26, 1975



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about 1/2 the price*

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Your camera dealer has the Model 3 (as well as the deluxe models). Go get your SX-70 today, the astonishing camera now at an astonishing price.

*Comparison based on suggested list prices of the Model 3 and the original model. © 1975 Polaroid Corporation. Polaroid SX-70™



U.S. DESTROYER FIRING ON KOH TANG DURING THE RESCUE MISSION



FORD & KISSINGER BRIEFING CONGRESSIONAL LEADERS

TIME

May 26, 1975 Vol. 105, No. 22

AMERICAN NOTES

An Absence of Bitterness

There were some extraordinary grace notes in the U.S. newspapers last week—remarks that might have been greeted as bathetic, fatuous or corny had they not been spoken in such moving circumstances.

In Marshalltown, Iowa, 800 people gathered for a memorial service honoring Marine Lance Corporal Darwin Judge. He was one of the last four Americans killed during the final evacuation of Viet Nam. His parents had the added pain of knowing that in the confusion, Darwin's body had been left behind in Saigon. But Postman Henry Judge displayed no rancor. Said he: "We've always stood up for the Lord, our country and the flag." Added Ida Judge: "You know, if it's your turn to die—and only the Lord knows that—what more beautiful way to die than for your country? I'm proud my son died for his country."

In his Washington, D.C., hospital room, Steven Laine also refused to be bitter. An aide to Secretary of Agriculture Earl Butz, Laine had been walking to his office through a crowd of 125,000 gathered on the grounds by the Washington Monument for a rock festival celebrating—inappropriately, as it turned out—"Human Kindness Day." Wandering gangs of black teen-agers circulated through the crowd beating up whites at random, robbing whites and some blacks as well. One of the muggers attacked Laine, stabbing him in

the right eye, which he subsequently lost.

"I believe in the rules and precepts that Christ handed down to us," said Laine while recovering. "The ill will of a few people is not indicative of the feeling of harmony in that group. I've lived for 46 years with two eyes, and I can make it the rest of the way, the good Lord willing, with one."

Into the Real World

Lord Baden-Powell might be appalled, but the square knot of scouting is slipping fast. Reacting to longstanding charges of irrelevance and to dwindling membership rolls (down 515,457 in the past year), the Boy Scouts of America have been seeking a mod image for the electronic age. Some of their innovations were on display over the weekend at Campex-West, a Camporee for 2,425 Scouts at San Francisco's Presidio.

"We're trying to bring Boy Scouts into the real world," explained Campex-West Volunteer Director Martin Michael. Hence a contest like "Scouting the Headlines," in which the boys scanned the San Francisco *Examiner* for news items about people who have obeyed or disobeyed the tenets of Scout law. In an evening spectacular, a rock band made up of Explorers blasted nature's quiet; a disc jockey was brought in as master of ceremonies. A helicopter bombarded the Scouts with 15,000 fortune cookies containing quiz questions. Possibly the most shocking deviation from tradition was a Magic Forest Electronic Nature Trail event. The

old nature walk was replaced by a marked course, along which cassette tape recorders emitted sounds of the wild. Said Campex-West's Michael: "It's about like Disneyland."

Secrets for Sale

Most U.S. Government secrets grow banal with age, but the very fact of their secrecy gives some of them an odd fascination. An enterprising publishing company called the Carrollton Press has begun selling microfilms of formerly classified documents that have entered the public domain as a result of amendments to the Freedom of Information Act (TIME, April 14). The Washington, D.C., firm's collection of 8,000 documents goes for \$1.575. It includes such minutiae as then Ambassador to France Charles Bohlen's 1964 memorandum to Lyndon Johnson on Charles de Gaulle's tactics of "mystification and concealment" and a memo from a planning session of June 26, 1950—the day after the start of the Korean War—when Harry Truman sat down with his top foreign policy advisers. "General Vandenberg reported that the first [North Korean] plane had been shot down," the memo begins. "The President remarked that he hoped it was not the last."

Several libraries have already bought the package. So has the Far East Book Co. of Hong Kong. Carrollton's president William Buchanan, a former CIA officer, smiled when this particular order came in. "That's obviously for transshipment to Peking," he said. "That's been their method of operation."



LAST WEDNESDAY IN CABINET ROOM



RESCUED CREWMEN WAVE FROM BOW AS MAYAGUEZ ARRIVES IN SINGAPORE

THE NATION

ARMED FORCES/COVER STORY

A Strong but Risky Show of Force

"Have been fired on and boarded by Cambodian armed forces. Vessel being escorted to unknown Cambodian port"

When that last distress call crackled over the air from the beleaguered U.S. merchant ship *Mayaguez* in the Gulf of Siam last week, it set in motion a dramatic, controversial train of events that significantly changed the image of U.S. power in the world—and the stature of President Gerald Ford. By calling up U.S. military might and successfully forcing the Cambodians to surrender the ship and free the 39-man crew, Ford acted more firmly and decisively than at any other time in his presidency. By drawing the line against aggression in the *Mayaguez* incident, he put potential adversaries on notice that despite recent setbacks in Indochina and the Middle East, the U.S. would not allow itself to be intimidated. That action reassured some discouraged and mistrustful allies that the U.S. intends to defend vigorously its overseas interests. But the events of the week also raised a series of questions that are bound to be debated in the U.S. and in foreign capitals for months to come.

Ford showed that in a confrontation he was not willing to risk using military force but also that, once committed, he would use plenty of it. Thus, to free one freighter and not quite two-

score crewmen, the President called out the Marines, the Air Force and the Navy. He ordered assault troops—supported by warships, fighter-bombers and helicopters—to invade a tiny island of disputed nationality where the crewmen were thought (erroneously) to be held. To prevent a Cambodian counterstrike he ordered two much disputed bombing raids of the Cambodian mainland. At home and abroad, some political experts thought that the show of force, which had many of the gung-ho elements of a John Wayne movie, was excessive. The Tokyo newspaper *Yomiuri Shimbun* asked, "Why did [the U.S.] have to use a cannon to shoot a chicken?"

Hard Kick. The cannon was effective, of course, showing the world that the U.S. will not accept humiliating provocations. But the U.S. success owed almost as much to luck as to skill in combat. If the Communist Cambodians had dug in and refused to release the *Mayaguez* crew, the military mission might well have aborted. In an interview with TIME Correspondent Joseph J. Kane, Defense Secretary James Schlesinger admitted: "The outcome was fortunate."

It was fortunate also because President Ford had been hoping for weeks to find a dramatic way to demonstrate to the world that the Communist victories in Indochina had not turned the U.S. into a paper tiger. He had been

searching for a means to show that the U.S. is now conducting what Secretary of State Henry Kissinger recently called an "abrasive" foreign policy. Even before the Cambodians seized the *Mayaguez*, one U.S. Government policy planner had told TIME: "There's quite a bit of agreement around here that it wouldn't be a bad thing if the other side goes a step or two too far in trying to kick us while we're down. It would give us a chance to kick them back—hard."

The Khmer Rouge, intoxicated by their recent takeover of Cambodia, provided that chance because the whole world could see that their seizure of the ship was an outrageous hijacking on the high seas. Ford had expected some Communist probe to test the U.S. resolve in the wake of Viet Nam, but he was caught completely by surprise that it was the Cambodians who struck. He had thought that the nation's confrontation with Cambodia's Communists was finally finished. But faced with that challenge from afar, Ford acted calmly and confidently. In the past, he has often been accused of being vacillating, of bending too readily to the influence of some top aides. In a series of crisis meetings last week, he invited suggestions from his highest military and diplomatic aides and heard some conflicting opinions from them. But he made his own proposals, and, most important,

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he made the hard decisions and then stuck to them.

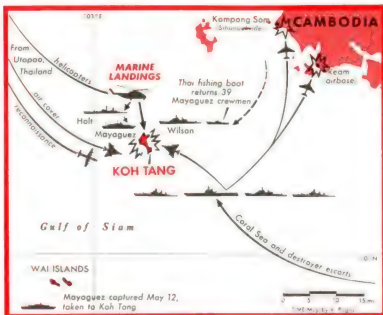
Ford's grace under pressure and hard-nosed attitude toward the Cambodians won him new political support, particularly among conservative Republicans, some of whom had been considering running a third-party candidate against him in 1976. Late in the week his strongest political challenger, former California Governor Ronald Reagan, phoned congratulations to Ford. So, too, did Richard Nixon.

Throughout the U.S., and in much of the rest of the world, the response to Ford's action was overwhelmingly favorable. Despite some criticism and continued questioning, most members of Congress shared Democratic Senator Hubert Humphrey's view that Ford "had no other choice" and that the U.S. "simply cannot permit flagrant violation of international law." Administration leaders exulted over the success. It showed, said Kissinger, that "there are limits beyond which the U.S. cannot be pushed." Echoed Vice President Nelson Rockefeller: "I'm very proud to be an American today."

The events that built to that climax started at dawn on Monday and carried on for four days of high drama, hard debate and significant decisions:

MONDAY. A modern version of the tramp steamers that crawl from port to port in the old Somerset Maugham stories, the 31-year-old S.S. *Mayaguez* is a 10,766-ton container ship, with a length of 480 ft. and a top speed of 15 knots. With its sister ship the *Ponce*, the *Mayaguez* had been assigned to Asian waters since January, when both were transferred from the Caribbean by their owner, Sea-Land Service, Inc., of Menlo Park, N.J., a subsidiary of the tobacco-centered conglomerate R.J. Reynolds Industries, Inc., of Winston-Salem, N.C.

When it was seized the unarmed *Mayaguez* was heading from Hong Kong to Sattahip, Thailand, and to Singapore. Its cargo: commercial goods and



some modest supplies for U.S. servicemen and embassy personnel in Thailand. The merchantman was in regular shipping channels, some 60 miles from the coast of Cambodia and about seven miles from the small, rocky and uninhabited Wai Islands, which are claimed by Thailand, South Viet Nam and Cambodia. Possibly because of the main island's profile, the Cambodians call it Koh Ach Seh, which translates as Horseshoe Island.

The U.S., which recognizes only a three-mile limit, considers the area to be international waters (past Cambodian governments have claimed a twelve-mile limit). Unbeknown to *Mayaguez* Captain Charles T. Miller and his 38-man crew, however, the Cambodians in the previous ten days had fired on or captured—but presumably released—25 ships and fishing boats in the same area with no warning or explanation.

The first sign of danger for the *Mayaguez* was the sudden appearance at 2:20 p.m. (3:20 a.m. in Washington) of a Cambodian gunboat. It fired machine gun bullets and a rocket across the freighter's bow and forced her to stop. Radio Operator Wilbert Bock got off a last distress call. Then the Cambodians apparently located the radio shack and the radio fell silent. But the last message was picked up in Indonesia by agents of the ship's owner and relayed to the State Department in Washington.

Awakening as usual at 5:30 a.m., President Ford was told the sketchy details of the seizure in his early morning briefing. The U.S. had no information on why the ship had been seized, indeed, that remained unclear throughout the week. Some officials speculated that, flushed with their conquest of the country, the Cambodian Communists were simply kicking sand in American faces. Others suggested that the Cambodians were reinforcing their claim to the Wai Islands, where geologists believe oil may lie under the sea bottom. Still other U.S. officials feared that the Cambodians had taken the ship in order to use it as a chip in future bargaining with the U.S. over weapons that soldiers of the former Cambodian government had fled with to Thailand.

Spy Operation. Not until the final stages of the rescue operation would the Cambodians themselves offer an explanation, and it was most implausible. In a radio broadcast, Information Minister Hou Nim insisted that the *Mayaguez* was part of a CIA spy operation. Both the U.S. and the ship's owners have denied the charge.

After pondering the news during his routine half hour of exercises, Ford discussed it with Lieut. General Brent Scowcroft, deputy director of the Na-



A MARINE AND AN AIR FORCE PARA-RESCUE MAN DASHING TO A HELICOPTER ON KOH TANG

tional Security Council. At noon, the President met for 45 minutes in the Cabinet Room with two members of the NSC, Kissinger and Defense Secretary Schlesinger, and with CIA Director William Colby and Air Force Chief of Staff General David C. Jones; Jones was substituting for Joint Chiefs' Chairman General George S. Brown, who was in Europe on a NATO inspection trip.

At the meeting, Ford asked interminable questions. Where were the crew members taken? How many U.S. military men and how much U.S. matériel was available in the area? How soon could that force be brought to the site of the seizure?

Then the President ordered the Pentagon to prepare for possible military action. At his direction, Defense Department officials put on alert a 1,100-man amphibious brigade from the 3rd Marine Division, based on Okinawa. In addition, they directed six ships already in the Pacific—the destroyer escort Har-

old E. Holt, guided missile destroyer Henry B. Wilson and the aircraft carrier Coral Sea, accompanied by three destroyer escorts—to head for the Gulf of Siam. Finally, the Pentagon ordered three Navy P3 Orion anti-submarine reconnaissance planes at the U.S. Air Force Base at Utao, Thailand, to keep watch over the *Mayaguez*. Because of clouds and darkness, the planes often had to fly as low as 1,000 ft.

Returned Notes. Ford also instructed Kissinger to request the People's Republic of China to help persuade the Cambodians to release the crew and ship. Later in the day, Deputy Secretary of State Robert Ingersoll asked Huang Chen, head of the Chinese liaison office in Washington, to transmit a note to the Cambodians, demanding immediate release. George Bush, chief of the U.S. liaison office in Peking, interrupted a picnic at the Ming tombs outside the city to deliver a similar message to Chinese authorities. Next day,

the Chinese returned the notes, signifying that they would not accept them.

Still, U.S. officials speculated that the Chinese had passed Washington's demand on to the Cambodians, perhaps even adding a message of their own urging that the ship and crew be returned. If that is so, the episode would be another indication that China wants the U.S. to maintain a substantial position in Asia in order to counterbalance Soviet influence.

But the diplomatic efforts provoked no rejoinder from the Cambodians. In fact, Ford and his advisers were pessimistic all along about the prospects for diplomacy because U.S. analysts believe that the Chinese do not wield much influence yet in Phnom-Penh.

At this first NSC meeting on the *Mayaguez* incident, and at sessions that were to follow, Kissinger and Schlesinger argued over how much force—in particular, how many Marines—the U.S. should be prepared to use to free the

The Captain's Log: A Tale of Terror

After the arrival of the *Mayaguez* in Singapore, Captain Miller, 62, of Fountain Valley, Calif., held a press conference at which he gave a detailed account of the seizure of his ship. Miller occasionally gave way to tears when he spoke of the American flyers and Marines who participated in the rescue mission. Excerpts from his account:

At 14:20 on May 12 I first saw them. I was challenged by one gunboat. He shot over my bow with anti-aircraft machine-gun fire. Then he threw a rocket over me. Seven armed men, anywhere from 10 to 30 years old, boarded the vessel, shouldering rocket throwers and AK-47's. None of them could speak English. All they did was point to the gunboat, indicating that I was to follow their ship. I did so, but after the radio operator had sent out several S O S's and the third officer had already put a Mayday on the single side band, I proceeded at half speed, a delaying action, figuring that our military should take some action.

Trying to avoid Cambodian soil as long as possible, Miller convinced his captors that his radar had broken down so that he could not put into port the first night. Next morning Miller got underway again at half speed. In the afternoon the crew were ordered into two fishing boats; they were taken to Koh Tang, where they spent the night. On the morning of the 14th, they were off again in the fishing boats to another destination.

The voyage between Koh Tang and Kompong Som is something the crew will never forget. Our jets had arrived. They did everything that was possible without blowing us out of the water to get our boat turned around. We were strafed and bombed 100 times. When they saw that wasn't going to work, two jets flew over the boat, I'd say approximately seven feet above us, and tear-gassed us. The fishermen running the boats were very willing to turn around. But the armed guard put his gun to their heads and we got back on course. After a half hour, we were hit with gas a second time. Everybody on the ship vomited. Their skin was burning. A couple of men were struck by shrapnel. The third engineer, who has a bad heart, passed out and we thought he was dead.

After arriving at Kompong Som, the crew were taken to a village built on stilts.

The first man who spoke English greeted us with a handshake and welcomed us to Cambodia. He wanted to know if we were CIA or if we were FBI, if we had any arms on the ship or ammunition and bombs. We insisted we had no military

cargo aboard. We explicitly told them that the ship never went back to the U.S., never went into a military port to load arms. Finally, he was convinced that that was what we were doing. But he was not convinced that we did not have ammunition and bombs in the cargo.

If the crew were released, Miller told his captors, he would get in touch with his company office in Bangkok and call off the jet fighters. Next morning the Cambodians allowed Miller and his crew to return to their ship.

The only worry we had was that we would not be recognized in the fishing boat and that our aircraft would blow it out of the water. We took off our white shirts, white underwear, anything white that we had on and rigged them on bamboo poles. A reconnaissance plane circled us five or six times until he finally spotted the white flags, then he came closer and made several more circles. The last time he flew over us we all shouted and waved at him, and he wiggled his wings.

The crew were picked up by a destroyer, then returned to the *Mayaguez*. A reconnaissance plane followed them to Singapore to make sure that there were no further mishaps.

The rest of it you all know.

We're healthy, we're happy and we're thankful to our Air Force and Marines. I don't blame the Air Force for whatever they did, strafing the vessel and dropping gas. They were afraid that if we got to Kompong Som, we'd either be killed or taken off to some prison camp for the next few years. I talked to the Marine major in the first chopper that was shot down who had about a quarter of his back torn off by shrapnel. I cried. People were being killed to save me. I have received many offers from the press all over the world offering me fat contracts for exclusive stories. But as master of the *Mayaguez* I'm a well-paid man. I don't need the money. I think the families of the men who were killed need it. Everybody has his own personal philosophy, and I have mine.



MILLER ALONGSIDE HIS SHIP



FORD GETTING REPORTS FROM SCHLESINGER, WHILE KISSINGER (LEFT) LISTENS IN

ship and its crew. Schlesinger urged that the U.S. should move cautiously to avoid over-reacting, and should use only the minimum strength necessary to get back the ship and crew. But Kissinger maintained that the U.S. had to employ enough force to give the operation broad political impact in Asia, particularly as regards North Korea, which has lately sounded more belligerent toward South Korea. He called for a sharp, decisive blow.

Ford agreed with Kissinger. The President later confided that the first hours were somewhat confusing, but he sensed that the trouble might be big. He was guided by old feelings, old experiences. Throughout the Viet Nam War, Ford had always come down on the side of stronger rather than weaker responses. In his view, a violation of international law—the seizure of the *Mayaguez*—could not be condoned. The only way to prevent a series of such violations was to act decisively on the first one.

Explained a White House aide: "The aim was for our action to be read by North Korean President Kim Il Sung as well as by the Cambodians." Moreover, Ford and Kissinger were insistent that the U.S. would not repeat its failure to use force to recover the U.S. Navy surveillance ship *Pueblo* from North Korea in 1968. Said a Defense Department official rhetorically: "What if the Cambodians used the *Mayaguez* crew the way that the North Koreans used the *Pueblo* crew? I'd hate to think what would happen to the remaining American position in Asia. Yet, that was a possibility we had to face if the crew was not returned."

Under no circumstances, in Ford's

Held for eleven months, the 82 surviving men of the *Pueblo* were savagely tortured and forced to sign false confessions that they had been spying for the CIA. To free the crew, the U.S. had to agree to the North Koreans for "grave acts of espionage," though the U.S. Government almost immediately repudiated the statement.

view, would he allow the Cambodians to hold American hostages for months. He believed that the Khmer Rouge were capable of brutal and irrational actions. Thus in the opinion of Ford and Kissinger, the possibility of a slight over-response was a risk worth taking.

Schlesinger later downplayed his differences with Kissinger, saying: "We all concurred in the final plans." The Administration restricted its public comment to issuing a statement that the ship had been seized and that Ford considered the incident "an act of piracy."

Immediately after the NSC meeting, Kissinger left for a whirlwind tour of Missouri to win public support for his foreign policies. His departure signified that Ford was taking personal command of the crisis and did not want the public to view it as so serious that it would force Kissinger to cancel his trip. As a further sign of who was in charge, State Department Spokesman Robert Funseth told reporters all week: "This has been a presidential action, and I refer you to the White House for comment."

TUESDAY. At 2:25 a.m., Scowcroft awakened the President to tell him that the Cambodians were towing the *Mayaguez* toward the mainland. By morning, however, Ford learned that the Cambodians had anchored at Koh Tang, a 3-mi. by 2-mi. jungle islet about 34 miles off the port of Kompong Som (also known as Sihanoukville). That was encouraging news to Ford, rescue would be more difficult if the crew had been taken to the mainland.

At an hour-long NSC meeting that morning, Ford ordered F-4 Phantoms, A-7 Corsair light-attack planes and F-111 fighter-bombers from Utaapao to try to keep any Cambodian boats from moving between Koh Tang and the mainland. When the gunboats moved, the U.S. planes circling overhead fired 20-mm. machine-gun bullets into the water



INTERRUPTING BLACK-TIE DINNER FOR NEWS

off their bows. At one point, the Cambodians—their force now grown to eight gunboats—fired back with anti-aircraft machine guns and small arms. One bullet struck a reconnaissance plane's vertical stabilizer, but the craft made it safely back to Utaapao.

In Washington, the U.S. warned the Cambodians through the Chinese not to try to take the gunboats away from the island, and gave them 24 hours to surrender the *Mayaguez* and its crew. At 5:30 p.m., presidential aides began phoning congressional leaders to inform them that Ford had decided to use force, if necessary. But they were not told precisely what action was contemplated.

Three hours later, the U.S. planes reported that the gunboats were headed toward the mainland. Following Ford's instructions, the warplanes first fired across the boats' bows. When that failed to stop the Cambodian craft, the planes





SCHLESINGER & KISSINGER CONFERRING ON TACTICS DURING THE CRISIS

attacked with rockets and machine-gun fire, sinking five boats and hitting two others. A U.S. helicopter dipped down to pick up Cambodian survivors, but lifted off without any after it came under Cambodian fire. On Ford's orders, the eighth gunboat was allowed to proceed toward Kompong Som because a pilot reported seeing eight or nine men with "Caucasian faces" on deck; they were thought to be those of some or perhaps all of the *Mayaguez's* crew.

Late Meeting. The worst time for Ford was Tuesday evening. He dined with his wife Betty and discussed the situation with her in general terms. He came back to the Oval Office, convinced that this was the toughest problem he had faced as President. He ordered that all the Navy, Marine and Air Force personnel in the Pacific be put on full alert and capable of moving in an hour. He

felt that he was going to be lucky to get all 39 *Mayaguez* crewmen back alive. He was prepared for the loss of some or all of them.

The attack on the gunboats prompted Ford to convene a late-evening NSC meeting an hour after Kissinger's return to Washington. At the session, the President decided to mount the rescue mission. One Marine assault force was to seize and hold the island, where U.S. officials believed some of the crew members had been taken; another unit was to board the *Mayaguez*. U.S. aircraft were to support the operation, as well as bomb selected targets on the Cambodian mainland.

By nightfall on the Gulf of Siam, U.S. forces were massing for the assault. The amphibious brigade from the 3rd Marine Division had been flown aboard an Air Force C-141 transport from Okla-

nawa to Utapao, over the protests of the Thai government, which had been trying to head off trouble with the neighboring Cambodians by refusing the U.S. permission to launch attacks from Thailand. Prime Minister Kukrit Pramoj of Thailand ordered the Marines to leave by Thursday morning or face unspecified "serious and damaging" circumstances. Meanwhile, the *Holt* and the *Wilson* had closed in on Koh Tang; the *Coral Sea* was still more than one day's steaming away, but its fighters would soon be within striking range.

WEDNESDAY. Efforts to use diplomacy to increase the pressure on Cambodia to release the crew were still going on. At lunchtime, Ambassador John Scali handed United Nations Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim a letter asking him "to take any steps within your ability." Waldheim offered Phnom-Penh his "good offices," but received no answer.

Shortly before 4 p.m., Ford held a crucial NSC meeting that lasted for nearly two hours. At 4:45, the President issued the final orders to begin the rescue operation at Koh Tang and to board the *Mayaguez*. Two hours later, Ford entered the Cabinet Room to brief congressional leaders on the crisis and the rescue attempt—and they gave him a standing ovation.

In Thailand and aboard the U.S. flotilla, meantime, the operation was beginning under the overall command of Air Force Lieut. General John J. Burns. At 5:45 a.m. local time, he ordered 210 Marines led by Lieut. Colonel Randall W. Austin, the ships and warplanes at Utapao and aboard the *Coral Sea* to make final preparations. Three HH-53 Jolly Green Giant helicopters fluttered from Utapao to the destroyer escort *Holt*, where 40 Marines clambered down ropes to the deck.

At 8:30 a.m., the *Holt* snuggled up

FORD & KEY AIDES EXULTING AFTER LEARNING THAT THE MAYAGUEZ'S CREW HAD BEEN FREED



THE NATION

to the *Mayaguez*. Rifles at the ready, the Marines climbed over the rail to the freighter; the *Holt's* deck crew trained machine guns on the *Mayaguez's* deck. With the Marines came a crew to sail the *Mayaguez* to freedom and a demolition team to check the ship for bombs and booby traps. To the Marines' surprise, no one was aboard. In the galley were bowls of warm rice and tea, but the diners—possibly Cambodians—had disappeared. The disappointed Marines hoisted a U.S. flag on the freighter's fantail and awaited further developments.

Vigorous Fire. At the same time the Marines boarded the *Mayaguez*, nine CH-53 and HH-53 helicopters carrying 210 Marines attacked the island under cover of fighters—A-6 Intruders, A-7 Corsairs and F-4 Phantoms. It was a hard-fought battle. According to U.S. intelligence estimates, only between 100 and 200 Cambodians were defending the island, but they managed to shoot down three helicopters and damage two others. The Marines established a beachhead, then were pinned down for a time by vigorous small-arms fire from Cambodians hidden in a wooded area some 75 yds. from the beach. U.S. warplanes strafed the Cambodians' positions; a C-130 cargo plane dropped the largest American conventional bomb, which weighs 15,000 lbs. But there was no need for the Marines to move inland; they were told by radio that contrary to their expectations, no members of the *Mayaguez's* crew were on the island.

Back at the Pentagon, events were unfolding that would later create the biggest controversy of the rescue operation. At 7:07 p.m. Washington time, the Cambodian radio broadcast that the government was prepared to release the ship, but made no mention of the crew. Monitored in Bangkok, the message was relayed at 8:16 p.m. to Washington, where the President was donning black tie in preparation for a working dinner for The Netherlands' Prime Minister Uyl. After reading the text of the Cambodian broadcast, Ford told Kissinger to tell Phnom-Penh in a radio broadcast, to be transmitted internationally, that he would halt military operations as soon as the *Mayaguez's* crew was released. At 8:45 p.m. (7:45 a.m. Cambodian time), A-6 Intruders and A-7 Corsairs took off from the *Coral Sea* to bomb Ream Airfield near Kompong Som.

At 10:45 p.m., while the President and his guests were sipping after-dinner drinks in the Red Room, sailors aboard the *Wilson* observed the approach of a Thai fishing boat, which had been seized by the Cambodians in March. Its pas-

sengers, including the *Mayaguez's* crew, were frantically waving white handkerchiefs. Minutes later, the U.S. planes began bombing Ream Airfield, destroying 17 Cambodian aircraft, mostly U.S.-built T-28 trainers that Cambodia's deposed Lon Nol government had got from the U.S. In a second raid about an hour later, U.S. jets bombed and destroyed an oil depot near Kompong Som.



DESTROYER HOLT TOWING THE MAYAGUEZ TO SAFETY

Meanwhile, at 11:07, the *Wilson* took aboard five Thai fishermen and members of the *Mayaguez's* crew. Exactly one minute later, Schlesinger telephoned Ford in the Oval Office to report that 30 crew members had been rescued. At 11:15, the Defense Secretary called again to correct the message: all of the American crew had been aboard the Thai vessel and were safe. Ford immediately ordered Schlesinger to halt all military operations, except those in sup-

port of the beleaguered Marines on Koh Tang. As a dozen aides outside the Oval Office cheered and applauded, Ford announced: "They're all safe. We got them all. Thank God."

The *Mayaguez's* crew later explained that their captors had kept them on the move—on Tuesday night to Koh Tang, on Wednesday to Kompong Som aboard the one gunboat that was unharmed by U.S. planes, and finally to the island of Rong, about 50 miles north of Koh Tang. More than an hour before the Marine assault on Koh Tang, the Cambodians had released the Americans and Thais, putting them aboard the fishing boat to make their way back to the *Mayaguez*.

Elated by the rescue, Ford made a brief statement for waiting reporters shortly after midnight Wednesday. Many television stations carried his remarks live. He briefly described the military operation and expressed "deep appreciation" to the fighting men. In fact, the President had already been scooped by a Pentagon spokesman at 11:15 p.m. Some of his aides were miffed, but not Ford. He returned to the family quarters in the White House, gratefully accepted a sleeping pill from his physician, Dr. William Lukash, and sank into bed exhausted.

THURSDAY. As Betty Ford was gently shaking her husband awake at 6:30 a.m., an hour later than usual, the *Mayaguez's* crew was stoking the freighter's boilers. The ship headed for Singapore, skipping the scheduled stop at Sattahip. Captain Miller wored his home office that all crew members were in good condition. The owners, Sea-Land Services, Inc., told him to open his ship to public inspection in Singapore to demonstrate that there were no spying devices of any kind aboard and that the cargo was indeed the innocent load they had indicated earlier. Meanwhile, the five rescued Thai fishermen sailed their boat home.

At Koh Tang, the U.S. helicopters waited for darkness to make it easier to evade Cambodian fire and then began pulling out the Marines. In Washington at 9:55 a.m., Scowcroft told Ford: "Mr. President, we are reasonably sure that all of the Marines are out." The casualty count was five dead, 70 to 80 wounded and 16 missing and presumed dead after a damaged helicopter crashed into the gulf. A few hours later, all of the Marines left Utapao and returned to Okinawa, thus meeting the Thai deadline for getting out.

Nonetheless, Thai officials were furious at the U.S. for defying their pro-

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hibition against attacking the Cambodians from Thai soil. In protest, university students picketed the arrival of the new U.S. ambassador, Charles S. Whitehouse. The Thai government recalled its ambassador from Washington.

Next Door. Still, some U.S. analysts believed that relations would be strained only temporarily. In their view, the Thais were making a show of deep anger, partially to placate the Cambodians. As the Bangkok *World* explained, "If the Cambodians decide to retaliate, what can they do? They cannot attack America, so the natural target must be Thailand, right next door." The Thais have traditionally kept their independence by skillfully accommodating their policies to whatever foreign nation wielded the most power in Southeast Asia (see THE WORLD). Suggested one U.S. Government foreign policy analyst "It is better for them to be an aggrieved party." As such, the Thais could placate the Cambodians and then quietly repair relations with the Americans.

The U.S. rescue mission was roundly condemned by both Peking and Hanoi as an "act of piracy." But the Soviets had no public reaction at all by week's end. Elsewhere in the world, the

operation drew mixed, though generally favorable, responses. An experienced French diplomat expressed a fairly typical complaint that "the same result might have been obtained with less violent methods and without the loss of lives." Britons and West Germans, however, generally expressed approval of the rescue operation. The *Times* of London called it "both right and effectively executed." Said a West German diplomat, "People understand that Ford could not just sit and wait."

The American use of force boosted South Korean faith in the U.S. as an ally. Said Kay Kwang Gil, a Seoul expert on international relations: "If this sort of piracy act had gone unpunished, few of the American allies on this side of the Pacific could have found it easy to maintain confidence in the U.S." The Japanese, who depend heavily on oil tankers and freighters that use the seas off the Cambodian coast, called the U.S. action justified. Australians generally regarded the U.S. action as inevitable and believed that the *Mayaguez* had to be recaptured if U.S. influence in the Far East was to be taken seriously.

In the U.S., some Democratic congressional leaders thought that Ford

should have sought Congress's advice before acting. Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield praised Ford for making a "very difficult decision. I think it was the right one." But he also complained: "I was not consulted. I was notified after the fact." The 1973 War Powers Resolution requires Ford to consult with Congress "whenever possible" before taking military action. Ford told the leaders that he had acted "on the basis that this was the proper exercise of my responsibility" as Commander in Chief.

Indeed, two Senate sponsors of the War Powers Resolution, Democrat Frank Church of Idaho and Republican Jacob Javits of New York, believed that Ford had complied with the act. Said Church: "I really don't know what more a President can do in a situation that requires fast action."

Won One. A few Democrats, including Senators Edward Kennedy of Massachusetts and George McGovern of South Dakota, expressed reservations about Ford's use of force to free the *Mayaguez* and its crew. But the vast majority of Senators and Representatives from both parties applauded the President's decision. Illinois Democrat Melvin Price, chairman of the House Armed

Comments of a Liberated Crew

In Singapore, TIME Hong Kong Bureau Chief Roy Rowan interviewed members of the *Mayaguez* crew. Some of their reactions:

Third Mate David English, 28, of Seattle: "I had just left the bridge when the Cambodians started firing over, under and across our bow. Once they boarded the ship, they tried to round us up. But we still had pretty much the run of the ship. There were as few as six and as many as 40 Cambodians aboard at one time. They were young kids, a little ignorant and touchy, especially when they were shooting at the U.S. planes. They were no good at all at firing hand-held weapons. Their security was very lax. At one time, I think it would have actually been possible for us to overpower them."

"The most depressing moment came when we were taken into Kompong Som. I looked up and saw all those armed people on the dock and I thought, this is it, the old North Viet Nam prison stunt. I figured they'd march us down the street and into some jail and nobody would hear from us for years."

"The funniest moment came when the Cambodians were about to release us. Early Thursday morning the camp commander, who had been a smiling-type fellow, came in. Now he looked like he had just lost his fortune in a poker game. He had to give up his prize. But before he let us go, he lined us all up and had his No. 2 man take our pictures."

Missman William F. Bellinger, 52, of Houston: "Every spare moment I scribbled in my diary. For some reason these Cambodian guys never confiscated my pad. But one of them lifted the pen out of my pocket and asked for it. Very polite like. They never took things off you without asking. But you don't say no to a guy who's got a gun on you."

"They were a raggedy bunch and they didn't know how to use things. One guy just squatted on the wash basin. So we showed them how to use the toilet. The shower was the big hit. Once we showed them how to use it, they had a ball. One guy held the gun, and the rest piled in under the shower. Some-

times they were afraid of things they did not understand. They wouldn't let us touch the typewriter. I guess they thought we could send messages out on it. I don't think anybody got sick on their food even though it wasn't what you would go into a restaurant and order. They served us first and ate the leftovers."

Able-Bodied Seaman Herbert McDonald, 57: "This was my second hijacking at sea. I was on a freighter off the coast of Pakistan when some guys came aboard and pointed guns at us. Then they let us go. At first I thought the Cambodians were going to take us out and shoot us. But they were so nice, really kind. They fed us first and everything. I hope everybody gets hijacked by them."

Able-Bodied Seaman Earl Gilbert, 52, of Pascagoula, Miss.: "After the Marines came, God I felt good. Damn good. Those Marines are great. Ford did a damn good job, but I just want to thank those Marines."

SAFE IN SINGAPORE: GRATEFUL CREWMEN AT SHIP'S RAIL



THE PRESIDENCY/HUGH SIDNEY

An Old-Fashioned Kind of Crisis

The crisis of the *Mayaguez* was the old-fashioned variety, the kind that men of power in Washington, most of whom are graduates of the cold war, could understand and relish, and they did.

It was a lovely bit of rascality—brief, definable, rightly punishable and done on the high seas, where U.S. men and machines still reign. The White House in its spring splendor looked like a Hollywood set. With somber visages and firm jaws, the actors hurried through the mellow night in their sleek black limousines. House Speaker Carl Albert, 5 ft. 5 in. tall, seemed at least 5 ft. 8 in. as he pondered American prestige on the White House steps. Senator John Sparkman was besieged by reporters after the President had told him the scenario for recapturing the ship and its crew. Others—Milton Young, Bob Wilson, Tip O'Neill, Robert Griffin—slipped off into the dusk with their beautiful secret. They whispered for everyone to wait a couple of hours—then we would know. It was going to be an American kind of show.

Men in tuxedos appeared on the White House lawn. There was to be a formal dinner for Dutch Prime Minister Joop den Uyl. That too is in the finest crisis tradition. Uniforms, charts and black coffee gave way to starched white shirts, champagne and music. Life goes on. Where was F. Scott Fitzgerald?

Marvin Kalb, Rod MacLeish and other pundits were there, stoically abandoning the Georgetown dinner table and families for duty and the whiff of uncoiling power. For two crisis days, Secretary of State Henry Kissinger had been in the Midwest, marinating in the heartland legend of Harry Truman. No better preparation for the moment of action. He had visited Bess Truman in the old family home in Independence, Mo., and heard a Truman neighbor shout: "Give 'em hell, Henry!" On the big crisis night, Kissinger, back in his Washington office, paced, ordering, listening, waiting. He flashed the V sign out the window once, and then, humor fully restored in the exhilaration of action, he made a lunging movement toward the window as he began to peel off his coat—Henry K into Super K. Deep laughter from the on-lookers, buoyed up by the old-style American confidence, echoed up Pennsylvania Avenue.

In the Pentagon, as the generals and admirals went briskly about something they understood, long, languorous James Schlesinger, Secretary of Defense, paced and puffed on his pipe. He quoted Shakespeare and wore a melancholy mask some of the time because in his world, men would have to shed blood, not clichés.

"They [the Cambodians] take one small step," he said, rising from his chair and taking one step in demonstration. "And then if they get away with it, they will say," the Secretary cupped his hand and shouted in muted tones, " 'Hey, look at us! Then they will take another step.' He took a larger step in front of the huge table that had been used by William Tecumseh Sherman, the man who ravaged Atlanta. "Hey, look at me!" he shouted louder.

It was Gerald Ford's kind of crisis too, full of Marines and ships and planes and power, almost all of it on the U.S. side. That did not diminish the classic presidential dilemma of balancing courage and wisdom, power and forbearance. Everything about Ford was poised for this moment. His Boy Scout's righteous indignation, his athlete's instinct for confrontation, his belief and experience in the Navy. On Monday noon, he felt that he would respond. On Tuesday night, he had the plan figured out, but waited for the forces to be in place. On Wednesday evening, he looked up at the men around him at the Cabinet table and said, "We will do these three things . . ."

In the early hours of Thursday, he left the Oval Office for his private quarters. The *Mayaguez* and the crew were ours again. So was a dollop of pride. The message was ringing round the world. The admirals and generals lifted their heads a little higher. So did the beleaguered government and the nation. A tired Jerry Ford in wilted tux looked into the darkened backyard, where workmen had just begun to build a new swimming pool. "Boy," said the President, "I wish that pool was ready now."

Services Committee, called the operation "a great boost to the country." Democratic Senator Adlai Stevenson III of Illinois declared: "Let no one mistake the unity and the strength of an America under attack." Republican Senator Barry Goldwater said that without Ford's response, "every little half-assed nation would be taking a shot at us." Senate Minority Leader Hugh Scott declared that Ford had "shown he is a strong President and a man whose resolution held up under stress."

Newspapers also chorused praise for Ford. Said the *Atlanta Journal*: "There seems to be a feeling of joy that at last we have won one. And indeed we have." The *New York Times* commended the President for acting "with exemplary speed," although it added that many questions about the rescue should be thoroughly examined by Congress.

Bombing Needed. Though the operation's success muted criticism, several major critical questions indeed were being asked. Some people wondered why the U.S. had not warned merchant ships to avoid the area around the Wai Islands because of the Cambodians' belligerency. Certainly U.S. intelligence was aware of the recent rash of seizures. Another issue was whether Ford had adequately pursued diplomatic approaches before ordering in the Marines. Yet the Cambodians indisputably showed no interest in settling the crisis through diplomacy.

Congressional and other critics have questioned whether it was necessary to bomb the Cambodian mainland. After all, about the same time as the assault began, the Cambodians had expressed a willingness to release the *Mayaguez*. Ford argues that the bombing was needed to keep an estimated 2,400 Cambodian soldiers stationed around Kompong Som from joining the battle on the island. *TIME* Correspondent Dean Fischer reported that the President told congressional leaders just before the military action began: "I am not going to risk the life of one Marine. I'd never forgive myself." Ford further explained: "The question of doing too little weighed heavily. A counterreaction by the Cambodians would have placed the Marines' lives in jeopardy."

When Ford looked back over the week's events, he told associates that he was pleased with the execution of the rescue. The National Security Council, his aides and the military had functioned well. Yet the President ordered a review to see what lessons were to be learned. There were hints that some military equipment needed improving, that perhaps the placement of the U.S. forces in the Pacific should be changed. The success of the action provided more than a soothing balm to the American psyche and a lift for U.S. allies. Most important, the incident in the Gulf of Siam was a clear statement, in this uncertain time, of the firm intentions of the President of the U.S.



KISSINGER & WIFE NANCY WITH BESS TRUMAN DURING VISIT

Painful Act of Being Born Again

For a time last week, it seemed that the 127,000 South Vietnamese making their way toward a new life in the U.S. were destined to spend many excruciating months in a bureaucratic limbo. In an excess of administrative caution, the Immigration and Naturalization Service decreed that, as required by law, each refugee would have to pass security checks by no fewer than five federal agencies, including the FBI and CIA. The flow of newcomers, who had been moving fairly quickly from Guam to military bases in the continental U.S., and thence into new American homes, diminished to a trickle. One day only three refugees left Florida's Eglin Air Force Base. Guam had reached saturation point, with 50,000 people jammed into its Tent City. "I only hope it doesn't sink," said one beleaguered State Department official in Washington. Camp authorities called for voluntary water rationing. The danger of disease was heightened by the condition of the toilets and the sewage systems, which ranged from adequate to squalid.

Finally, the INS replaced bureaucracy with sanity. The agency waived the time-consuming security checks for all refugees under 17, all former employees of the U.S. Government and all spouses of American citizens along with their immediate families. That could account for fully half of the refugees. By week's end, 16,800 had been settled in the U.S. and the flow of refugees out of the camps had begun to increase. Meantime, Congress, moving with unaccustomed speed, approved some \$405 million to transport, feed and house the refugees and generally help them to resettle.

Finding Sponsors. The three refugee camps in the continental U.S.—Eglin, California's Camp Pendleton, and Arkansas' Fort Chaffee—were showing signs of strain as the massive resettlement program ground on. The refugee population at Chaffee swelled to more than 23,000. The Army was caught short on food supplies and cut the refugees' meals to two large spoonfuls of rice with a bit of chicken and a quarter of an apple. Still, morale was good, and it improved after the army announced it would increase the food rations.

The camps were settling into the ordinary routines of existence. There were a few deaths and also some marriages. On Guam, an ex-G.I. named Thomas Hejl finally found and married Nguyen Thi Ut, the fiancée he had met during his tour of duty in Viet Nam several years before. Their daughter, born three years ago, was killed by a Communist gunshot as her mother carried her on a fishing boat fleeing Saigon.

Apart from security clearances, the main problem was still finding enough American sponsors to help feed, clothe

and house the refugees after they leave the camps. One fear is that after the initial publicity about the refugees dies down, so will the interest of potential sponsors. Said Joseph Battaglia, head of the U.S. Catholic Conference operation at Pendleton: "Unless there's a real surge of concern by the American people, we'll still be here this time next year. I think that in six months, there will be priests pleading with their parishes to remind them that refugees are languishing in the camps."

Finding Jobs. Volunteer workers also feared that the newcomers would be exploited as a source of cheap labor. Said a Pendleton volunteer: "In one batch of letters we received from potential sponsors, one-third were from men asking for young girls to marry, one-third asked for women as domestics or as *au pairs*, and one-third asked for children." Still, there were many legitimate offers. West Foods, a mushroom-growing firm in Salem, Ore., said that it desperately needed Vietnamese pickers to replace 100 Mexicans, who had been deported as illegal aliens two weeks ago; company managers offered starting pay of \$2.50 an hour, plus low-cost housing, and said that they could not find Americans willing to do the work. The state of Nebraska was seeking doctors for rural communities from among the 150 refugee physicians at Pendleton.

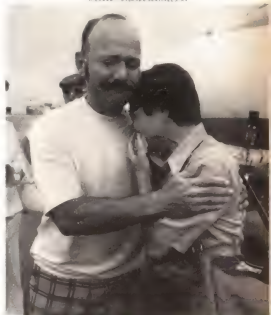
One refugee family—Nguyen Van Minh, his wife, daughter, son-in-law and one grandchild—was found by its sponsor almost by accident. Daughter Lang, supervisor of the Pan American World Airways ticket office in Saigon, got her family out on the last commercial flight leaving the city. Her father brought out \$5,000 and some jewelry, but the family left \$200,000 behind. They were sent to Eglin. As they waited there, the New Orleans *States-Item* published a photo of Lang's husband, a rock singer named Nguyen Son Tong. He was recognized by an old friend, Roger Piper, a Viet Nam veteran studying political science at the University of New Orleans. Piper and his wife Melody immediately set off for Eglin, arrived at midnight, quickly signed up to sponsor the family, and within hours drove back home with them. It was Tong's 28th birthday.

Of all the refugees, one of the most enterprising may be former Premier Nguyen Cao Ky, who announced at Camp Pendleton that he would like to start a farming commune

for Vietnamese. Ky said that people from California to North Carolina have sent him proposals for the settlement, which he envisions as a way station during the refugees' "difficult transition" to American society.

In Winter Park, Fla., Psychiatrist E. Michael Gutman organized a community drive that has so far been responsible for settling 45 refugees. Gutman, who served in Viet Nam in 1965-66, started by sponsoring Dr. Pham Huu Phuoc and Educator Nguyen Dinh Hoan. He arranged for them to arrive in style, greeted at Orlando's McCoy Air Force Base by a local high school band and a motorcade. The news stories of

—GUTMAN—ORLANDO SENTINEL, STAFF



GUTMAN GREETING HOAN IN ORLANDO



HEJL & NGUYEN THI UT BEING MARRIED ON GUAM
Settling into the ordinary conditions of existence.

THE NATION

the arrival attracted so many other of fers of sponsorship that Gutmán installed a cousin at Eglin, enlisted volunteers to type and man the phones at his office, and started processing inquiries. His wife Donna set up a women's auxiliary to collect clothing, household goods and other items for the Vietnamese families.

Dr. Phuoc, a practicing neurosurgeon for 19 years, is far luckier than most of the refugees. He speaks English well and eventually will take exams to qualify for practice in the U.S. But the uprooting has been painful. "I am a new-born now," he said. "I just started my life the day I got here. The day I arrived here I had no house, no job, nothing. Everything must start again."

THE WHITE HOUSE

Friends Well Met

It was without question the most dazzling state visit that Washington had seen in years. When His Imperial Majesty Mohammed Reza Pahlavi, the Shah of Iran, and his lovely Shahbanou (Imperial Consort), Empress Farah, arrived at the White House for a four-day state visit Thursday, they were greeted by silver-colored trumpets, red carpets and a 21-gun salute that boomed across the South Lawn. Gerald Ford, the seventh U.S. President that the Shah has met in his 34-year reign, greeted his Iranian guests with the kind of warmth normally reserved for close and deeply trusted friends. Outside the White House gates, several hundred Iranian students shouted "Down with the Shah" and brandished signs denouncing him as a CIA puppet, but the Emperor remained unruffled. He called the U.S. "the friend to all people striving for liberty and dignity" and declared that his country's good feelings about Americans were "stronger than ever."

After a 95-minute meeting with

Ford and Secretary of State Henry Kissinger in the Oval Office, the Shah was the guest of honor, with Empress Farah, at a luncheon given by Kissinger and his wife Nancy. The site of the feast was Hillwood, the verdant 25-acre estate bequeathed to the Government by the late Marjorie Merriweather Post. A huge green-and-white-striped tent was hung with May baskets filled with tulips. Inside, guests lunched on *gazpacho* filet of beef, and lime sherbet heaped with fresh strawberries. The Robert McNamara, the William F. Buckley, the David Brinkleys and Senator and Mrs. Jacob Javits, among others, heard Kissinger laud his guest as a great world leader.

The festive mood continued that evening at a jubilant white-tie state dinner at the White House. On hand once again was a large complement of notables, including Comedian Bob Hope, Singer Pearl Bailey, Dancer Fred Astaire, Auto Executive Henry Ford II and his wife Cristina, and Pan American World Airways Chairman William Seawell. Without specifically mentioning the *Mayaguez* affair, the Shah congratulated the President "for the great leadership and the right decisions that you took for your country." The state dining room rang with applause as the Shah lifted his glass of Schramsberg Blanc de Blanc to Ford.

Star Turn. The President was undoubtedly heartened by the Shah's remarks, especially since two other recent state visitors—Prime Minister Lee Kuan Yew of Singapore and President Kenneth D. Kaunda of Zambia—had taken advantage of their opportunity to toast Ford by lecturing the U.S. on its international diplomatic responsibilities. The evening's star turn was an exuberant performance by Singer Ann-Margret that would have wowed them in Las Vegas, to say nothing of Tehran.

Next evening the Fords were guests of the Shah and the Empress at a state dinner at the Iranian embassy. Along

with 64 others, the President and his wife savored a traditional Persian meal, including black caviar, lamb kabobs, rice with a duck and pomegranate sauce and head-cracking Persian vodka. Before leaving Washington for New York, where the imperial couple were to be the principal guests at a Potomac Hills dinner given by Vice President Nelson Rockefeller and his wife, the Shah and his Empress, along with 800 personal guests, attended a performance of the American Ballet Theater at the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts. Among the dancers onstage was ballet's newest superstar, Mikhail Baryshnikov (TIME, May 19).

Private Sphere. The visit was not simply a round of formal fun. The Iranian embassy billed it as a demonstration of "the importance of Iran's role as a source of power and stability in the Middle East." The Shah talked at length with Ford and Kissinger on how to restore momentum to the next round of Middle East talks, tentatively set for Geneva this summer. As chief of state of the Persian Gulf's emerging superpower, the Shah came shopping for more military hardware, including the F-16 fighter jet and Air Force planes equipped with a new airborne warning and control system. He is intensifying Iran's already close ties with the U.S. in the private sphere as well. Final agreement is expected soon between the Tehran government and Pan Am on a \$300 million deal in which Iran will loan the debt-ridden airline \$245 million and also gain a majority interest in the prosperous chain of Intercontinental Hotels that Pan Am owns. "Your country has been of great help to us," said the Shah to Ford. "That is something we do not forget." Last week those words of good will were especially welcome in official Washington.

ANN-MARGRET AT SHAH'S DINNER



PRESIDENT FORD & THE SHAH TOUCH GLASSES AT IRANIAN EMBASSY DINNER



CITIES

Saying No to New York

"We're going to sell New York to the Shah of Iran. It's a hell of an investment."

—Treasury Secretary William Simon

"All Abe Beame need do is adopt the Khmer solution. That is, order every man, woman and child out of the city."

—Barron's

The financial plight of Mayor Abraham Beame's New York City is so grim that even far-out jokes have a certain plausibility. Somehow, before the end of the fiscal year on June 30, the city must raise a staggering \$1 billion to meet its payroll and operating expenses and pay off its notes and bonds. Yet so shaky is its credit that it may not be able to raise the money—with the prospect of skipping payday for city employees or even defaulting on its obligations. The one fleeting hope for a painless solution came crashing down last week when President Ford, after due expression of sympathy, rejected the city's request for emergency federal assistance.

New York's Democratic Governor Hugh Carey exploded in wrath, largely because the state government now faces enormous pressure to bail out the impecunious city. He wildly criticized the President for displaying a "level of arrogance and disregard for New York that rivals the worst days of Richard Nixon and his gang of cutthroats." Varying the analogy, he added: "We didn't even get 30 pieces of silver." But Ford argued persuasively that he was acting in the best interests of New York. In his "Dear Abe" letter of rejection, the President wrote that lending money to the city or guaranteeing a New York note offering would "merely postpone coming to grips with the problem." Backing him up was Vice President Nelson Rockefeller, whose nearly 15 years in the Albany statehouse convinced him that Beame had not done enough to slash spending.

Providing More. Still, Ford stressed that nobody blames poor Beame for the mess. The mayor faces an estimated budget deficit of \$120 million for this fiscal year, when total spending will reach \$11.8 billion, and a whopping deficit of \$641 million for 1975-76. But the red ink was years in the making; it flowed especially during the profligate, sometimes inept administration of John Lindsay, who accelerated the practice of borrowing heavily to meet current expenses.

Today, New York accounts for one-quarter of the short-term indebtedness of U.S. cities. In the past decade, the number of public employees has risen 38%, to 340,000; their salaries and benefits have jumped an average of 10% a year, but people do not feel that the city is getting value for its money. The ratio of police to the rest of the population is higher than in the past, yet the crime rate soars. The city spends more on education per capita than almost any other major municipality in the country, but reading scores scarcely rise. The Board of Education is notoriously overloaded with employees who do not teach. More

utes close to \$1 billion a year to municipal welfare programs, and 1 million of the 7.9 million residents collect benefits. Outside auditors have estimated that as much as 14.2% of the money goes to people who do not qualify for it. By enrolling in a drug program, narcotics addicts have been able to qualify for welfare payments. Since many of them continued to take drugs, the payments have subsidized their habit.

Buying Paper. While the city was spending as if there were no limits, revenues were not keeping up. The percentage of blacks and Hispanic Americans climbed to almost one-third of the city's population, and more and more middle-income whites fled to the suburbs. Taxes per capita in New York City are higher than anywhere else in the nation, besides paying 8% sales tax and heavy state income taxes, a family of four with a \$15,000 income is hit for \$179 a year in city income taxes. Additional increases would be sure to drive out still more businesses and residents. Nonetheless, Beame has in desperation proposed further corporate tax hikes on stock transfers, businesses and banks and a 10% increase in the realty tax. But the once stern accountant is doing little more than dreaming. Some \$200 million in realty taxes has gone uncollected this year. Rather than pay more taxes on top of soaring fuel costs, landlords are abandoning residential buildings at a frightening rate.

With his options fast disappearing, Beame has considered selling city bonds to the municipal pension system, a move that would force the system to sell at a loss the securities it now holds. Controller Harrison Goldin, who had to cancel the sale of \$280 million in notes last week because of the possibility of receiving no bids, has been trying to interest foreign investors in buying New York City paper. A more likely outcome is a loan from the state government, which would have to market its own bonds to raise the cash. This was a suggestion made by the White House. Treasury Secretary Simon urged the city to charge tuition at the city university, reduce professors' salaries, hold down wage increases of city employees to 5% a year and require them to contribute more to their pension funds. He also suggested that bus and subway fares be raised from 35¢ to at least 50¢. Last week Beame took a step toward austerity by sending the first dismissal notices to some of the 3,067 employees who will be laid off by July 1. His belated but sensible action promises to be the beginning of a painful process of retrenchment for the near-bankrupt Empire City.



GOVERNOR HUGH CAREY & MAYOR ABE BEAME
Last fleeting hope for a painless solution.

than a third of the 107,458 people who work for the board are classified as "non-pedagogical."

The large, tough public employee unions have managed to win salaries and benefits that on the average exceed those of any other city in the U.S. Almost all city employees can now retire at half pay after 20 to 25 years. This year the city had to raise \$900 million just to fund these extravagant pensions.

New York tries to provide its citizenry with more services than any other U.S. city. It runs one of the nation's largest university systems, which charges no tuition to undergraduates who are New York City residents, and pays its full professors from \$24,000 to \$38,000 a year—more than some of the most prestigious private colleges. Its policy of open admissions, allowing any high school graduate to enroll regardless of qualifications, has increased the student body to 266,000. While Chicago, for example, maintains one municipal hospital, New York provides 19. The city also contrib-



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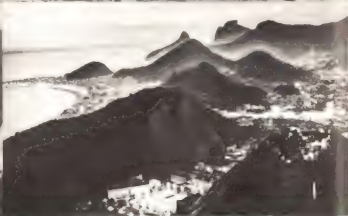
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THAILAND

Shifting Into the Lotus Position

When the new U.S. Ambassador to Thailand, Charles Whitehouse, arrived in Bangkok last week, something less than a red-carpet welcome awaited him. Student radicals had festooned the airport with banners reading BASTARD FORD, GET YOUR TROOPS OUT! and FORD, YOU DESTROY INTERNATIONAL LAW. Thai government officials denounced the Pentagon's dispatch of Marines and helicopters from the U.S.-operated Utapao airbase to the rescue of the American merchant vessel *Maysaguez* as "madness"; Prime Minister Kukrit Pramoj reacted with what he first described as "displeasure" and later as outright "fury." At week's end an emergency Cabinet meeting voted to recall Whitehouse's counterpart, the Thai Ambassador to the U.S., from Washington for consultation.

Such anger from Bangkok—one of Washington's best friends in Asia since the end of World War II—underscores the extent to which the Thais have been stunned by the fall of the non-Communist governments in Cambodia and South Viet Nam and the current turbulence in Laos. Thailand sent soldiers to fight in South Viet Nam, and 25,000 U.S. servicemen and 350 American military aircraft are still based on Thai soil. But the Thais, who share 1,000 miles of common border with Laos and Cambodia, have suddenly found themselves surrounded by hostile forces. Accordingly, they are moving swiftly toward a neutralist stance in keeping with the new realities of power in Southeast Asia.

Soothing Spirit. For centuries the Siamese survived and prospered by shrewdly gauging such realities and then bending to the prevailing wind. They alone escaped the French and British colonization that engulfed the countries of the region. Modern Thailand, as a U.S. official put it, "has assumed the lotus position in regard to its neighbors; it doesn't want any of them to mistake its peaceful intentions." In that soothing spirit, Bangkok has moved quickly to accommodate recent shifts in the wind.

A delegation from Saigon has arrived to take over the South Vietnamese embassy in Bangkok, and the Thai Foreign Ministry has said that it will restaff its embassy in Saigon as soon as Tan Son Nhut airport is reopened to international flights. More surprising, Bangkok announced that it was establishing full diplomatic relations with North Korea. When South Korea protested and Philippine President Ferdinand Marcos sent a special envoy urging Thailand to "rethink its move," Foreign Minister Char-

tichai Choonhavan had a blunt reply: "We have already rethought it." Thailand also announced that it would enter into a cultural and technological agreement with the Soviet Union.

The establishment of relations with China could come before the end of the year, even though Bangkok still has ties with Taipei. So far, however, Thailand's overtures to Hanoi have not been particularly well received.

U.S. Presence. Perhaps significantly, neither the Chinese nor the Vietnamese have said flatly that the Thais must expel the U.S. military as a precondition to formal relations. Nonetheless, the U.S. military presence has been at the heart of the Thais' dilemma—particularly since student riots in 1973 toppled a fairly rigid military junta and replaced it with a multiparty system. Last March the newly elected government of Premier Seni Pramoj, 70, announced that it would ask the U.S. to withdraw its forces within 18 months. When Seni, whose government lasted only eight days, was replaced by his younger brother Kukrit,* the new Prime Minister quickly yielded to pressure from the socialists in the crazy-quilt Thai National Assembly whose ranks include 22 parties, and cut the deadline to one year. Recently the U.S. agreed to remove 7,500 of its troops by the end of June and the rest presumably by next spring. But even that accelerated timetable may be speeded up.

Another point of friction between Bangkok and Washington centered on some 200 planes flown to Thailand by escaping South Vietnamese pilots as Saigon was falling. At first the Thais announced that they would turn the planes over to the new government in Saigon if asked to do so. But the U.S. insisted that it owned the planes and quickly removed more than 100 of the most valuable ones from Utapao. The angriest dispute of all centered on the arrival of 1,100 U.S. Marines at Utapao. Yet, even as Kukrit was warning the U.S. of "serious and drastic consequences" unless the Marines departed, a Royal Thai Navy task force was sailing toward the waters off the Thai-Cambodian border; the Khmer Rouge had threatened to use force to move the border one kilometer back into Thai territory, and Bangkok responded by authorizing its navy to "take the necessary steps including artillery bombardment" in case the Cambodians should make such a move. Moreover, the lightning U.S. strike rescued

*A newspaper publisher and columnist, Kukrit, 66, played the role of an Asian Premier in the 1963 movie *The Ugly American*.



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five Thais from Cambodian captivity.

One of the principal reasons for Thailand's nervousness is that for ten years it has had a Communist insurgency of its own. The 7,000 to 10,000 rebels of the Thai People's Liberated Armed Forces, armed and trained by the North Vietnamese and Chinese, do not constitute an immediate threat to Thailand's 41 million people. But they are fairly active in the poverty-stricken northeast region opposite Laos and along the northern Mekong River frontier. The government reasons that if it ceases to provide shelter for American bombers, North Viet Nam might be encouraged to ease up in its support of the Thai insurgents.

In Bangkok, which still bustles with Western tourists, the signs of unease are growing. Passport applications have suddenly doubled to about 700 per day. The price of gold is soaring, and the once stable baht has started to slide. "Now when you get together with your Thai friends," says an American resident, "they ask you about real estate prices in California." As former Premier Seni Pramoj noted, "You cannot say, 'Look, I'm a capitalist,' when you are surrounded by Communists. They'll do you in!"

Popular Monarch. Despite their current worries, however, the Thais have many built-in strengths to fall back on—including their ancient tradition of independence and their long-nurtured fear of the Vietnamese, with whom they have warred for centuries. They also have an immensely popular monarch, King Bhumibol Adulyadej, 47, a tireless worker who spends much of his time traveling in rural Thailand with a walkie-talkie in his hip pocket. In addition, the country has remained stubbornly prosperous, with sharply rising foreign exchange and gold reserves—a fact that has undoubtedly inhibited the growth of the Communist insurgency.

LAOS

Preserving a Thin Façade

The neutralist Premier of Laos was characteristically expressionless as he spoke, but his words were grave. "Important changes have taken place that some had not expected so suddenly, but they are here," Prince Souvanna Phouma told his countrymen during ceremonies on Constitution Day. "[The new situation] is a great chance to preserve our nation from further bloodshed that would surely take place if one continued to ignore the march of historic events. The war has reached an end."

Thus last week did the inexorable march of events sweep tiny Laos, to all intents and purposes, into the Communist camp on the heels of its neighbors in Indochina. So quickly had the Communist-led Pathet Lao consolidated their political and military power that even veteran observers of the sleepy, landlocked kingdom were surprised. "I thought they were going to draw it out," admitted a U.S. official. "But because of what happened in Cambodia and South Viet Nam, they saw no need to wait." Nonetheless, the end of the quarter-century war was typically Laotian. Another U.S. official described it as "a genteel sort of collapse," demonstrating once again that Laos prefers to move at a more leisurely pace than its neighbors.

The collapse began at the start of this month, when the political and military strength of the pro-American rightists in Laos ebbed swiftly in the face of Pathet Lao pressure. At first, an official takeover by the Communists appeared imminent. Then the tempo slowed. The Cabinet patiently waited until its regular Wednesday meeting last week to respond to the resignations of two rightist ministers and two deputy

ministers. Instead of insisting that the vacancies be filled by leftists, the Pathet Lao permitted Souvanna to name nominal rightists acceptable to the left. This at least maintains the façade of the year-old coalition Cabinet, which under a 1973 agreement is supposed to contain five rightists, five leftists and two neutralists. "We want the coalition to continue. It will continue," declared a senior Pathet Lao official.

The Communists plainly have nothing to fear from the tame rightists in the Cabinet. Earlier in the week, Khamouane Boupha, a Pathet Lao general, had been named acting Defense Minister by Souvanna to replace the rightist Sisouk na Champassak, who had resigned. Boupha immediately issued orders grounding the air force, forbidding all troop movements and demanding declarations of loyalty to the new command from all military units.

Fleeing Officers. The Pathet Lao concern about possible resistance from rightist-led units was exaggerated. From the rightist-controlled area of Laos, military units proclaimed loyalty to the new commander. At the police academy, the units actually stripped their rightist officers of power. Elsewhere, they deserted camps en masse rather than continue under rightists. In other places rightist officers simply disappeared, fleeing with their families in wooden ferries across the Mekong River into Thailand. Rightist politicians and many Chinese and Vietnamese businessmen also fled.

With the Communist victory all but official, the U.S. began accelerating the reduction of Americans in Laos. At the start of the week, about 850 U.S. offi-

LAOTIAN PREMIER SOUVANNA PHOUMA AT CONSTITUTION DAY CEREMONY (LEFT); KING SAVANG VATTANA REVIEWING PATHET LAO TROOPS



cials and dependents and 150 businessmen, journalists, missionaries and other private citizens were based there. Some of them came under attack last week. In Luang Prabang, site of King Savang Vatthana's royal capital, leftist students stormed the compound of the U.S. Agency for International Development. Waving banners and banging drums, they smashed desks and tossed typewriters through windows. During a similar attack against USAID facilities at Savannakhet, a youthful mob looted food stocks and placed three Americans under house arrest. At week's end the demonstrators were refusing to release the three unless senior government officials came to Savannakhet to discuss student demands that Vientiane remove "corrupt" and rightist officials.

Natural Target. In part, the demonstrations were protests against soaring food prices, which are rising at a rate of 70% annually. In Luang Prabang the students also pillaged food shops. The U.S., however, is a natural target for the left. In the last two decades, Washington has propped up rightist and recently-neutralist governments with more than \$3 billion worth of military and economic aid. As a result of the demonstrations, all U.S. personnel based in the Laotian provinces were recalled to Vientiane. Washington insists, however, that it has no intention of closing the embassy. As long as the coalition continues, the U.S. hopes to maintain a presence in the country. According to some U.S. officials, the Pathet Lao have been saying that they want American aid (currently running at \$80 million annually) and an American presence to continue.

That the coalition has survived even this far is a testament to Souvanna. For three decades the debonair prince—with his well-known fondness for black cigars, tennis and poker—has patiently pursued his dream of "seeing a Laos that will be neutral and ready to do its bit for peace in the world." A member of a junior branch of Laos' ruling dynasty, he attended elitist French schools in Hanoi and France, and for 19 years served in the public works service of the French colonial administration.

Emerging as one of the most important advocates of an independent Laos after World War II, the Prince stressed that his country must not only gain independence from France but also remain independent of the U.S. and North Viet Nam. Now 73, Souvanna realizes that Hanoi will almost certainly yield powerful influence in a Communist Laos, but he seems willing to accept this to see his nation united and at peace. In return, the Pathet Lao are expected to allow Souvanna to remain as Premier. Both he and the King are symbols of national unity. Both, however, will be little more than figureheads. Real power will rest with the Communists.

*Souvanna is the son of his father's first wife; his half brother, Souphanouvong, head of the Pathet Lao, is the son of their father's eleventh wife.



SAIGON TROOPS SURRENDER TO COMMUNISTS IN PHOTO RELEASED BY NEW REGIME

VIET NAM

Toward the 'Ho Chi Minh Era'

"The government will guide the people in making Saigon an advanced city, civilized, strong and happy." That, last week, was the extravagant promise of *Giai Phong* (Liberation), the only newspaper permitted to publish in Saigon as the new Communist military administration continued to consolidate its rule. The new leaders were using an adroit combination of authoritarianism and restraint that—thus far—has marked the most velvety transition of power ever effected by a Communist government.

The big event last week was a three-day celebration of both the Communist victory and the birthday of Ho Chi Minh. All schools, hospitals and families displayed pictures of Ho as well as flags of the Provisional Revolutionary Government and North Viet Nam. Hanoi dispatched a prestigious delegation to take part in the festivities, including Politburo Member Le Duc Tho and North Vietnamese President Ton Duc Thang. Also making their first appearances in Saigon since the Communist victory were civilian leaders like non-Communist Nguyen Huu Tho, chairman of the P.R.G. Advisory Council.

New Duties. While Saigon celebrated, the administration was busily extending its political grip over the country. Liberation Radio announced that the new regime was trying to find work for 1 million unemployed Vietnamese, 3 million civil servants, who were described as "parasites," and 100,000 street urchins and prostitutes. It also announced that armed security units had been set up in each village and district. In Saigon, some 1,700 youths at-

tended four-day courses on their "new duties" at the Youth Voluntary Training Center to prepare for what *Giai Phong* is calling the "Ho Chi Minh era."

The paper also claimed that 24 generals, including two former Defense Ministers, 500 colonels and 1,000 majors had registered with the authorities as ordered. There was no indication that they were under arrest; *Giai Phong* simply announced that even those who had committed "crimes against the people" would be pardoned—presumably after a suitable period of re-education. Only those who resisted the new regime would be dealt with harshly.

In Saigon, the posters and painted slogans of the defunct Thieu regime had disappeared, swept away by a massive cleanup campaign. Other remnants of capitalism, like advertising posters and bright neon signs, were expected to go next. The cloud of exhaust smoke that customarily hovered over Saigon was gone, a result of the city's gasoline shortage. There were far more bicycles on the street than before, even though their price had quadrupled. Black pajamas, the customary clothing of the Viet Cong guerrillas, doubled in price.

Always a city of soldiers, Saigon was as usual crowded with men in uniform, though they were now the rumpled greens, devoid of all insignia, worn by North Vietnamese and Viet Cong troops. The soldiers, scrupulously polite and well-behaved, were mostly simple country boys obviously astounded by the sights of sophisticated Saigon. They posed for photos in front of prominent buildings and statues and, until the au-

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thorities banned bargaining, haggled with shopkeepers over the prices of Japanese transistor radios and watches.

Striking a conciliatory tone, the new government announced its willingness to establish diplomatic relations with all countries, including the U.S. It also dispatched a note to Secretary of State Henry Kissinger in Washington, demanding that the U.S. turn over to the P.R.G. all files and assets of the former South Vietnamese embassy there. At week's end a South Vietnamese delegation was enthusiastically welcomed in Bangkok for talks with the Thai government in the P.R.G.'s first official contact with a non-Communist government since the fall of Saigon.

Joyful Noises. One power that the South Vietnamese Communists have not yet dealt with is the most important in the region: China. While making appropriately joyful noises about the Communist victory in South Viet Nam, Peking is probably far from delighted by the pro-Moscow leanings of Hanoi. There were reports last week that the Soviets have already asked for use of the vast naval base at Cam Ranh Bay—an arrangement that an alarmed Peking will certainly try to head off.

Already China has moved to strengthen its ties with Europe. It has agreed to establish formal relations with the Common Market, and last week sent Vice Premier Teng Hsiao-ping, the third most powerful man in Peking after Mao Tse-tung and Chou En-lai, to Paris for talks with French leaders. Peking will probably also try to strengthen its ties with Japan and the U.S. Ironically, the Communist triumph in South Viet Nam could push China into a closer relationship with the West and Japan in an effort to offset growing Soviet influence in Southeast Asia.

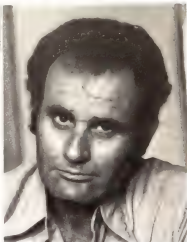
ISRAEL

Tales of Henry, Told Out of School

Did Henry Kissinger once describe former Israeli Foreign Minister Abba Eban as "a man who cannot get into an elevator without holding a press conference"? Does the U.S. Secretary of State dislike conferences with Japanese because "they smell of fish"? Does it offend him that Syrian President Hafez Assad picks his nose during negotiations and that, when all is finally agreed upon, he "cannot be depended upon and is totally irresponsible"? Is it Kissinger's estimate of Defense Secretary James R. Schlesinger that "you cannot talk to that man"? Is it true that Soviet Party Boss Leonid Brezhnev dutifully spouted the orthodox Communist line during a session with Kissinger at the Kremlin, dismissed his official stenographer and then confided: "That was for the benefit of the Chinese. Now we can talk freely"?

Those and other items of Kissingeriana were circulating in Israel last week in the wake of a controversy over a new book that was banned by the military censor on orders from Premier Yitzhak Rabin. Rabin not only ordered suppression of the book, which was written by Newsman Matti Golan, 38, but also the seizure of all five manuscript copies known to exist. Rabin's explanation was that publication of the book would be disastrous for Israeli-American relations, would threaten the flow of American arms to Israel and might even force Kissinger's resignation.

Rabin's stern *Diklat* was not unprecedented; former Minister Eban was prohibited from publishing his diplomatic memoirs of the Six-Day War. Large portions of Golan's 300-page review of the



BANNED AUTHOR GOLAN
Who is Deep Throat?

Yom Kippur War and its diplomatic aftermath consisted of official documents tied together with transitional passages. As diplomatic correspondent of the fiercely independent Hebrew-language daily *Hla aretz* (circ. 55,000), Golan obviously had access to top-level sources, possibly within Israel's notoriously leaky Cabinet. Along with trading Kissinger stories last week, Israelis debated the identity of their own Deep Throat.

Leaked Details. Eban was proposed as a possibility, since he is a close friend of Golan. Another possibility was former Information Minister Aharon Yariv, who as an army general conducted the Kilometer 101 talks with Egypt that led to disengagement in the Sinai; the talks figure importantly in Golan's book. Ambassador to the U.S. Simcha Dinitz was a third suspect, since he could have provided some of the Washington tidbits in the book; Dinitz was former Premier Golda Meir's top political assistant and presumably was well briefed on even her private conversations with Kissinger. Rabin has promised to root out the informers, but when *TIME* Correspondent Marlin Levin asked Golan last week if he expected his sources to be uncovered, the writer replied, "Never!"

Rabin already had the power, carried over by Israel from the British Mandate in Palestine, to censor the book. But he also successfully sought from the Knesset additional authority in this case to investigate the source of leaks harmful to the state. Two weeks ago he summoned Israeli newspaper editors and demanded their "cooperation" in keeping the incident quiet. Nevertheless, leaked details spread by word of mouth until the government was finally forced to make the story—but not the book—public.

Golan, a nonpracticing lawyer who

NGUYEN HUU THO (LEFT) WITH HANOI'S PRESIDENT TON DUC THANG IN SAIGON



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joined *Ha'aretz* six years ago, consistently scooped his opposition on details of disengagement negotiations after the war. Syria's Assad reportedly complained to Kissinger that everything the two agreed upon appeared almost immediately in *Ha'aretz*. More recently Golan published the first stories about the secret visit of Soviet officials to Israel to discuss renewal of diplomatic relations.

The book, which took seven months to complete under a working title, *Kissinger in the Middle East*, sought to demonstrate "the mechanics of diplomacy." It is known to quote Israeli memoranda to the effect that Kissinger was not keen on negotiating an overly quick cease-fire in the Yom Kippur War; he wanted the fighting to end with a stalemate. Accordingly, when the Israelis appeared to be gaining the upper hand, he arranged cease-fire terms with Brezhnev in Moscow—but without first informing the Israelis. When Mrs. Meir rebuked him for not consulting with her, he pleaded "a technical breakdown in my plane's communications" and hinted at Soviet sabotage—"the price you pay when you negotiate in Moscow."

Lock and Key. The book is also believed to report that Kissinger had promised Egyptian President Anwar Sadat that the Egyptian Third Army, encircled by Israeli forces that had seized the West Bank of the Suez Canal, would be given control of an access road so that it could be resupplied with badly needed food and water. When Golda Meir insisted that her forces control the road, Kissinger flew to Cairo expecting a harsh rebuke. But Sadat was so anxious to save his surrounded troops that he overlooked Kissinger's broken promise and agreed to Israeli control. Kissinger misjudged Sadat's mood on a second occasion when he told Mrs. Meir that the Egyptian President would never permit direct talks on disengagement at Kilometer 101 along the Cairo-Suez road.

Kissinger last week downplayed the incident. "I don't doubt that the publication of confidential negotiations and the exchange of views between the U.S. and the Israeli government could be embarrassing," he said at a press conference in Kansas City, "particularly given the closeness of our relationship. We are apt to speak with considerable candor about events and personalities." Some Arabs charged that Mossad, the Israeli equivalent of the CIA, had leaked official documents purposely in order to "blackmail" Kissinger. Golan, deprived of a bestseller, ruefully considered an irony. "As long as the book was in my hands, it was a secret," he said. "When it was given to the government, everybody began talking about what they think is in it. Some of the stories are so fantastic that when the book some day does appear it will be a letdown." That day may be far off, all known copies of the manuscript are under lock and key in the state archives.

MOZAMBIQUE

Countdown to Independence

In Lourenço Marques' city hall square, workmen last week began chipping away at the great stone statue of Mouzinho de Albuquerque, a 19th century Portuguese governor who led a bloody campaign against rebellious blacks in 1895. After 300 years under Portuguese rule, Mozambique is finally becoming independent on June 25, and officials are anxious to remove the more obvious reminders of the country's colonial past before then.

In many ways, the past may be easier to deal with than the future. Since the 1974 Portuguese revolution, when

bique), the black liberation movement that led the ten-year fight against colonial rule, in the transition government. Explains Rear Admiral Vitor Crespo, the Portuguese High Commissioner: "We are both—Frelimo and Portugal—victims of the colonial and capitalist systems. We are now on the same side of the barricades."

Frelimo gets high marks—even from expatriate businessmen—for dedication and organizational ability. But there is fear that the movement will drift away from the African socialism that it now espouses toward authoritarianism.



FRELIMO LEADER SAMORA MACHEL (LEFT) WITH DEPUTY MARCELINO DOS SANTOS
Now on the same side of the barricades.

Lisbon decided to free its African territories, hundreds have died in racial clashes. As many as 50,000 whites (out of 220,000) have fled the Indian Ocean country, and planes and boats are fully booked until independence day. Not all of them have left for racial reasons; some fear that the all-black administration that will replace the joint Portuguese-Mozambique transition government will become a left-wing dictatorship.

With 300,000 unemployed at home, Portugal has not encouraged the colonials to return. The flight of the whites has left Mozambique with a severe shortage of technicians, teachers, civil servants and other professionals. One estimate is that only 100 doctors are left to serve a population of 8 million blacks, 170,000 whites and 60,000 Asians.

The transition period has been calm in comparison with that in oil-rich Angola (see following story). Portuguese officials have worked well with Frelimo (Front for the Liberation of Mozam-

That fear was heightened by a new law that permits the regime to jail people for up to eight years for the vague crime of "sabotaging decolonization." There is uncertainty over the policies that will be followed by Frelimo's top men—notably Samora Machel, 42, the Peking-oriented commander in chief, and his deputy, Marcelino dos Santos, 44, who is said to lean toward Moscow.

Political Awareness. There is also concern, at least among whites, that once the Portuguese presence is gone, old tribal differences may assert themselves. To offset this danger, Frelimo officials have been conducting a political awareness campaign all over the country, 90% of whose people are illiterate. Teams of young recruits have scoured bush villages to advertise Frelimo's political and social doctrines—no drunkenness, only one wife, equal rights for women (Frelimo has women soldiers and one woman Cabinet member).

Frelimo officials have also ended the

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numerous strikes that disrupted the economy at the beginning of the decolonization period. In some cases, ballooning wages have been cut back to former levels to keep companies from going bankrupt.

Mozambique's economic future will depend heavily on whether the new government can come to terms with Rhodesia and South Africa, its white-ruled neighbors. Though black African governments will urge Frelimo to join the embargo against Rhodesia, that would mean a substantial loss to Mozambique, which collects rail revenues for goods passing to and from landlocked Rhodesia. On the other hand, power from the giant \$500 million Cabora Bassa

dam on the Zambezi River, due to be producing by independence, is expected to bring Mozambique \$44 million a year from South Africa by 1980.

Stable Future. There is also vast potential wealth in the country's huge untapped deposits of coal, iron ore, copper, gold and natural gas—and legions of would-be investors waiting to tap them. But first they want reassurances of the new government's direction and stability. As a recently returned Portuguese engineer put it last week: "It is not enough simply to say 'We want you here.' We need some guarantee that the future will be stable and that our families will be safe." That may be a difficult order for Frelimo to fill.

ANGOLA

Three-Way Fight for a Rich Prize

This time it's not a racial war. The whites are out of it. The blacks are at it again, gnawing at each other's throats. You go to bed at night if you've a bed, you wake up in the morning if there is a morning, and you've slept and what is gone is gone. That's all.

—Angolan Journalist Job de Carvalho

Such is the depth of despair today in Angola, where three black liberation movements are fighting over who will hold power after the vast West African territory becomes independent of Portugal on Nov. 11. In three weeks of violence, mainly in the capital city of Luanda, at least 500 people, mostly blacks, have been killed and thousands of others wounded. The casualties resulted

from a murderous vendetta among the liberation groups that fought a 13-year guerrilla war against the Portuguese.

The biggest and best-financed of the groups is the National Front for the Liberation of Angola (F.N.L.A.), headed by the mercurial, missionary-educated Holden Roberto. It has its headquarters in Kinshasa and is backed by Roberto's brother-in-law, Zaïre President Mobutu Sese Seko. With numerous foreign mercenaries in its employ, the F.N.L.A. is said by its rivals to be supported by capitalist business interests. Its chief rival is the Moscow-oriented Popular Movement for the Liberation of Angola (M.P.L.A.), backed principally by students and intellectuals in Luanda and strongly supported by the Portuguese Communist Party. The third group is the National Union for the Total Independence of Angola (U.N.I.T.A.), headed by Jonas Savimbi, a onetime disciple of Che Guevara turned moderate, who

controls much of rural Angola and is said to have the backing of Portuguese businesses with interests in the country.

In a treaty signed in January, the three were brought together under Portuguese aegis to form a transitional government for Angola's 6 million people (5.4 million blacks, 500,000 whites, 100,000 *mestiços*). The government's task was to administer the territory and prepare for elections for a constituent assembly in October and independence the following month. But last week, as Portugal's Foreign Minister Ernesto Melo Antunes flew to Luanda to try to sort out the bitter squabble, the prospect for elections seemed remote at best, and there were fears that the factionalism could degenerate into civil war.

Hardly a night passes without some clash in Luanda's *muçiques* (slums) between the F.N.L.A. and the M.P.L.A. Last week the trouble spread to Nova Lisboa, Angola's second biggest city, where local sources reported that 30 civilians had been killed in clashes. "Mortar, machine guns, automatic pistols, rifles, hand grenades. Suddenly all the *muçiques* are aflame," says De Carvalho. "Nobody can get in, nobody dares go out. It's war, but they're not fighting it out in the bush like they used to." So far the U.N.I.T.A. has managed to keep out of most of the fighting, but it has drawn closer to the pro-Western F.N.L.A.

Enormous Wealth. The fighting has sent thousands of whites scrambling to get out. Those who have fled, mostly women and children, tell tales of murder, pillage and rape by rampaging Angolan soldiers. One woman told *TIME*'s Martha de la Cal how she, her husband and two children had been held in their house for three days without light, water or food. "Then the men with guns ran in and demanded our money. I escaped with the children, but they took my husband away, and he is still there."

What complicates the situation is Angola's enormous wealth. In addition to potential oil reserves rivaling those of Kuwait, there are huge American, Belgian, West German and South African investments at stake. The M.P.L.A. and some Portuguese officials charge that Zaïre's President Mobutu is not only behind the F.N.L.A. but has fomented a separatist movement in the oil-rich enclave of Cabinda in hopes of annexing it to his own country.

The conflict has grown increasingly worrisome to Lisbon, which has all it can do to handle political factionalism on its own turf. As António de Almeida Santos, Minister for Interterritorial Cooperation, put it: "Portugal would not stand for another war. It would be irresponsible to throw our people, our revolution and our future away for another Angola in flames." With that in mind, Lisbon handed down a stern list of decrees that put the Portuguese armed forces in charge. Civilians and off-duty soldiers of the rival factions will be disarmed in order to stop the bloodletting.



U.N.I.T.A. CHIEF JONAS SAVIMBI



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Worrisome Waltz of the Wet Hens

When he returned to Britain recently after a fortnight's absence in Washington and Jamaica, Prime Minister Harold Wilson had little cause for cheer. As last week began, the pound fell to its lowest level ever against the currencies of all Britain's major trading partners, down a disastrous 24.9% from the Smithsonian Agreement level of 1971. Any sharper decline would give the nation's already soaring inflation rate of 30% an explosive new thrust. Labor Cabinet members were warring openly over economic policy and the Common Market referendum, and a rash of strikes had slashed output in the automobile, rubber, tractor, aerospace and shipbuilding industries. Hopes that the Prime Minister might take an uncharacteristically firm grip on the situation were briefly raised when he offered to go before the nation in a televised interview.

They were quickly dashed, however. Comfortably settled in a rose-colored easy chair, pipe smoke swirling languidly about his head, Wilson soothingly explained: "While I have been away, in fact nothing has happened. But I come back and find not only journalists and commentators but some politicians rushing about like wet hens as though some devastating crisis had hit the country." He was particularly irked by U.S. Commentator Eric Sevareid, who, after a quick tour of "the kind of cocktail party circuit in the square mile of London where all the hot gossip occurs," had told his American television audience that Britain was "drifting slowly towards a condition of ungovernability" and "sleepwalking into a social revolution." This sort of talk, the Prime Minister complained, filtered back to England and scared people.

More Anxieties. Economic Journalist Peter Jay, Wilson's incredulous interviewer, politely asked if the widespread anxiety might not have something to do with recent economic statistics. The Prime Minister conceded that "we still face the inflationary problem," but all that was needed to control it, he said, was a little cooperation. "What I would like to see is the government sit down at the beginning of each financial year and at intervals thereafter with the trade unions, the employers and all the other useful people in the country and say: 'Now look. This is going to be the total income of the country... Now if any of you are going to take more in salaries, wages, profits, capital gains or anything than what is left, then either we

have to take it back in taxes... or we've got to cut social services.'"

Although Wilson's Panglossian performance was undoubtedly intended to tranquilize the national case of nerves, it created more anxieties than it allayed. Press reaction ranged from mild ridicule to outright contempt. Said the *Daily Express*: "Mr. Wilson is no white man's Muhammad Ali. Instead he floats like a bee and stings like a butterfly."

Wilson conveniently skirted the realities that provoked Author Paul Johnson, former editor of the socialist week-

The strategy involved a many-sided gamble: that the richer nations, especially Germany and the U.S., could pull out of their recessions in time to buy British exports, which would be competitively priced in devalued pounds; that the government could borrow Arab petrodollars to maintain living standards at home and thus keep the workers happy; that the workers would restrain their wage demands.

Arab petrodollars continue to fuel London, but the Labor government lost on all counts. The world boom did not come along on schedule. Chancellor of the Exchequer Denis Healey had no alternative last November but to reduce corporation taxes or risk major bankruptcies in the very firms that were supposed to be the backbone of a job-creating export drive. The unions protested that Healey was being soft on capitalism, and the big wage demands—now averaging 30%—were not long in coming.

Disaster Course. In an interview with *TIME* London Bureau Chief Herman Nickel last week, Healey said that he thought the unions might soon be ready to "agree to an [income] policy and also to some genuinely effective means of insuring that the policy was applied." He emphasized, however, that "this has nothing to do with the kind of imposed wage controls that are being urged on us by Americans who violently reject that prescription for themselves."

To be sure, the Labor government is loath to risk any major changes before the country's June 5 referendum on the Common Market for fear that its supporters will retaliate by voting no on the question of remaining in Europe. Although such time-buying may be politically unavoidable, it still accentuates the impression of rudderlessness. Many Britons share the alarm of Professor Hugh Clegg,

member of the Labor government's Prices and Incomes Board in 1966-67, who recently warned that Britain is "spot on course for disaster and still accelerating." He added: "Let me say quite clearly what I think disaster is. It is the destruction of the democratic and civilized life in this country by the continual rending of competitive greed at the fabric of society, fomented, encouraged and forced on its way by a leadership too incompetent or too lacking in resolution to provide the conditions in which we can avoid—in five years if we stick to our present course—finding ourselves at the mercy of some cheap dictatorship, whether of the right or left." Harold Wilson would doubtless conclude that Professor Clegg has been attending too many cocktail parties in that gossipy square mile of London.



WILSON DURING TV INTERVIEW
Float like a bee, sting like a butterfly.

ly *New Statesman*, to publish a blistering attack on the trade unions and their "gangster" leadership for turning Britain into "a stinking, bankrupt industrial slum." Wrote Johnson: "The movement as a whole is dominated at all levels by men soaked in old prejudices and habits of mind... negative, obstructive, slow, dull, long-winded, unadventurous men, immensely pleased with themselves and quite determined to resist planned change of any kind."

For the past five years, every British government has been confronted by two intractable problems: how to deal with inflation and how to handle the unions. Labor's strategy was to adopt the "Social Contract": the unions would voluntarily limit their wage demands; the government would work toward a greater degree of "social justice."



FUGITIVE ABBIE HOFFMAN GIVES A WAVE WHILE ON THE LAM



"Even if they dropped the charges against me back in New York and I could walk free, I don't think I'd wanna go back," concluded Fugitive Radical **Abbie Hoffman**, 38. Facing a 15-year to life prison term if convicted on drug-dealing charges in New York, Hoffman has been on the lam since jumping bail 13 months ago. In an interview with **Ron Rosenbaum** of *New Times* and TV Documentary Producer **Michael Shamberg**, Hoffman described in considerable detail his new life as a member of the underground. Not only has he undergone plastic surgery, claimed the onetime Yippie leader, but he took a daytime job for a while, began going to night classes, married a second time, and even survived a minor drug arrest without being recognized. The cat-and-mouse game between fugitive radicals and the police "is the greatest show in the world, and I got the best seats there are," boasted Abbie. "I'm almost grateful to the cops who busted me for making me get off my ass. What's there to go back for, anyway? You get tired of sitting around telling the same old stories."

"I'm here to swim," asserted Actor **Dustin Hoffman**, explaining his relaxed ways at the Cannes Film Festival. Hoffman, a contender for the festival's Best Actor award for his performance in *Levi's*, had the look of a winner as he held court with his wife **Anne**. Despite his swimming schedule, the actor met with Directors **Michelangelo Antonioni**, **Constantin Costa-Gavras** and **François Truffaut**. "It's been nice not just shaking hands with them but getting together around a table and talking cinema," he said later. Hoffman, however, declined to reveal any plans to work with one of the three directors. When a reporter

THE HOFFMANS AT EASE IN CANNES



TENNESSEE WILLIAMS SUFFERS

asked what he expected to be doing in ten years, Dustin quipped, "The way things are going in medicine and technology, I might well be having a baby."

"My eyes are so swollen. I had too much vino last night," complained Playwright **Tennessee Williams**. With a new novel, *Moise and the World of Reason*, just off the presses and a play, *The Red Devil Battery Sign*, opening on Broadway in August, Williams had an excuse for his revels. Last week he got together with the cast at the first rehearsal. Written two years ago while Williams was in Tangier, *Battery Sign* casts **Anthony Quinn** as a Mexican street musician, **Katy Jurado** as his wife and **Claire Bloom** as his downtown diversion. "I have never had a part before that was so me," proclaimed Quinn, who will be making his first Broadway appearance in 14 years. Like Williams, Quinn had a few battle scars from the previous evening. "I got



GUARD FRANK WILLS RE-CREATES HIS BIG MOMENT FOR THE MOVIES

bitten on the cheek last night by a girl because I wouldn't go dancing," he explained, adding: "I wanted to be fresh for today."

Daytime tube watchers have recently been getting less spice and more sobriety from Galloping Gourmet **Graham Kerr**. "I think the Lord is changing my future," said the TV cook after announcing his new membership in the Church of the Brethren. Kerr, who long combined TV tipting with saucy commentary, traces the start of his reformation to a 1971 auto accident that left him partly paralyzed. Subsequently there were family problems and financial setbacks. One night last March, says the British-born gourmet, he suddenly found himself on his knees in his hotel room. Recalls Kerr: "I said, 'I love you, Jesus.' He was just like a giant can opener, and he rolled back the ceiling. And he was saying, 'Fine, I love you too. Welcome aboard.'" Kerr's old fans may regret his conversion when they see the series he is now taping. Gone are the double-entendres of the past, the cracks about chicken breasts and hazel nuts. What's more, adds Kerr, his forthcoming cookbook, *The New Seasoning*, will reveal "how Jesus Christ manages to get into my kitchen."

"The people were all being very relaxed. They put me at ease," said the novice actor after rehearsing his big scene in *All the President's Men*. The "people" included **Robert Redford**, who portrays Washington Post Reporter **Bob Woodward**, and the assessment was made by **Frank Wills**, 27, the Watergate guard whose late-night snooping led to the Waterburglars' capture three years ago. Wills, who is re-creating his real-life role at the actual spot where he dis-

covered tape on the Watergate basement door, is philosophical about the hard times that followed his historic moment. "I don't feel that I have received too much or too little attention," he said last week. "As I see it, I had my job to do and I did it." Now a college security guard in Washington, D.C., Wills has no illusion about a future in acting. Warner Bros., he pointed out, has given him only a five-day contract.

Former White House *Wunderkind* **Edil Krogh Jr.**, whose government career had apparently gone down the drain with the Nixon "plumbers," has resurfaced, buoyant as ever. After serving four months in jail for his role in the 1971 burglary of Psychiatrist **Lewis Fielding's** office, Krogh, 35, has been hired as a legislative assistant by California Congressman **Pete McCloskey Jr.**. "I think it's a shame to waste that kind of talent," said McCloskey of his new aide, who now shares a crowded Washington, D.C., office with two other McCloskey assistants. Declared the new Krogh: "I've got a lot of catching up to do in a lot of areas, but I'm very, very grateful to get back into government."

By now, Actors **Richard Burton**, **James Coburn** and **Charlotte Rampling** may consider their new film *Jackpot* a loser. Production on the movie, which stars Burton as a has-been actor who suddenly wins an Academy Award, has stalled for lack of money, stranding the cast on the French Riviera. "I have another film to make in Mexico, and I can't wait much longer," threatened Rampling last week. Burton, however, seems content in the presidential suite of Nice's Hotel Negresco with former *Playboy* Playmate **Jean Bell**, 22, who appears as Burton's nurse in the new film. Although



BELL & BURTON TAKE A WALK

Richard's old flame, **Princess Elizabeth of Yugoslavia**, was scheduled to make her movie debut in *Jackpot*, she eventually ended up on the cutting-room floor. "If we don't get money quick," said one studio hand last week, "so will Burton, Bell, Rampling and everybody else."

There was no red carpet to welcome Actor **John Amos** back to East Orange, N.J., but then the star of TV's *Good Times* wasn't walking anyway. Amos, who spent some scuffling years as an auto worker and garbage collector before hitting the big time on television, celebrated "John Amos Day" in East Orange from the back of a sanitation truck. It was "beautiful going home again," said the actor after retracing his old collection route. "But I missed the people who were not there, the friends who had O.D.'d, who were in prison. It made me realize how fortunate I was to have escaped." Which may explain Amos' almost complete lack of nostalgia about his old job. Said he: "It was great to know I could get off that truck and not go back."

Women: Still Number Two But Trying Harder

The angry rhetoric has cooled, the marches are less frequent, and so are the ritual roastings of that familiar foe, the male chauvinist pig. A more mature feminism has come to focus on the drive for equality on the job, in the home and in the nation's political life. Three years ago, in a special issue devoted to an examination of "The New Woman" (March 20, 1972), *TIME* set out to report, among other things, where she stood in politics, business, the professions and other fields. Since then, events have sharpened the American woman's perception of herself and her future.

By many measures, the women's movement continues to grow. In the years since *TIME*'s special issue, for example, the membership of the National Organization for Women, the largest feminist group, has grown from 12,000 to 55,000. The Equal Rights Amendment to the Constitution was passed by Congress in March 1972 and has been approved since then by 34 of the 38 states required for ratification. (Recently, however, the momentum for ratification has slowed, and North Carolina's rejection last month destroyed any chance for final approval this year.)

At the same time, the arrival of the worst economic downturn since the 1930s has been particularly hard on working women. Eleanor Holmes Norton, chairman of New York City's Commission on Human Rights, voices a typical concern that "layoffs stemming from the recession could wipe out all the women's gains of the past five years."

Despite modest advances in the arts, science, show business, education and publishing, those gains have been impressive in other areas. Some examples:

POLITICS: *A Hobby No More*

As New York Representative Bella Abzug has proclaimed, 1974 was the "Year of the Woman." Connecticut's Ella Grasso, 55, became the first woman to be elected Governor without following in her husband's footsteps. New York chose its first female Lieutenant Governor, Mary Anne Krupak, 43. No woman made it to the Senate. ("A stag Senate," quips Abzug, "is a stag nation.") In the House of Representatives, 18 women won seats, up from 14 in 1972. In the states, more women tried for legislative office than ever before; about 1,200 women candidates were listed on ballots, one-third more than in 1972. More than half (604) were successful.

Explains Jane McMichael, director of the National Women's Political Caucus: "In previous years, women were running for office—lower office—as a sort of hobby at age 56. Now more and more young professional women are making politics their career." Yet only a few, like Carla Anderson Hills, 41, the new Secretary of Housing and Urban Development, have been able to break into what is still a male bastion: appointive jobs in the Executive Branch.

BUSINESS: *Revolution by Timetable*

As *TIME*'s issue on women went to press three years ago, corporations that held Government contracts were working desperately to meet a far-reaching new Labor Department dictum: under threat of contract cancellation, the companies had to draft goals and timetables showing that they would "take affirmative action" to remedy the underutilization of their female employees." Since then, the Government and various fem-

inist organizations have filed hundreds of sex-discrimination suits against employers.

Today the Labor Department says that, while the overall ratio of women to men in the work force has not changed significantly in the past few years (38% are women v. 32% in 1972), many more women have moved into professional and technical job categories. Nearly 32% of the nation's 36 million working women are now employed in these higher rated areas, up from 14.5% in 1972.

A few, like Vice Presidents Dorothy Gregg of Celanese Corp. and Pamela Flaherty of First National City Bank, are now holding high executive positions in major companies. Sister Jane Scully, a Roman Catholic nun and president of Carlow College in Pittsburgh, recently became the first female member of the board of directors of Gulf Oil, joining a growing number of women corporate directors.

A sharp increase in the enrollment of women at business schools suggests that many more will be holding high-paying managerial jobs in the future. At Stanford's Graduate School of Business, for example, 60 of the 310 students in this year's entering class are women, up from 21 out of 294 in 1972.

THE LAW: *Desexifying the Bar*

"You're getting a divorce?" "No, my client is." "You're the secretary?" "No, I'm the lawyer." "You're the lawyer?" This recent exchange between an incredulous judge and Lucia Fakonas, 23, a third-year student at Harvard Law School, demonstrates the struggle of women lawyers to be respected—and

STATE LEGISLATOR



HOUSEWIFE TENDING CHILD



LAW STUDENTS IN BOSTON



even recognized—in the legal profession. But the women are making impressive headway. In 1972 2.8% of the nation's attorneys were women; today, says the American Bar Association, women make up between 5% and 7% of the U.S.'s 400,000 practicing lawyers.

And more are coming. The number of women in the nation's law schools has climbed from 3.6% of total enrollment in 1960 to 9.3% in 1971 and to a high last year of 20%. Many schools have added special courses on women's legal rights. A few even use a "desexified" casebook written by two Harvard professors: it presents an equal number of women and men in prominent roles.

MEDICINE: Goodbye, "Gentlemen"

That old medical-school staple, the nude girlie pictures slipped in among the anatomy slides, is gradually disappearing along with the practice of addressing classes of students as "gentlemen." Says Dr. Helen Shields, a fourth-year resident in gastroenterology at the University of Pennsylvania Hospital, "The locker-room humor that I often heard in medical school back in the late '60s is frowned upon now." Women are entering medicine in greater numbers than most other professions. Last fall nearly one-fourth of the nation's incoming medical students were women, up from 13% in 1972. Increasingly, women are specializing in areas that have long been male strongholds: surgery, gastroenterology and ophthalmology.

Whatever their field, the women are determined. A recent report in the *American Medical Association Journal* suggests that, unlike in past years, more male medical students than female are dropping out of the grueling first year.

RELIGION: Wearing the Cloth

The Episcopal hierarchy was outraged when eleven women were ordained—perhaps improperly—as the first female priests in the church last

July, but the episode typified a growing push toward clerical equality that is affecting virtually every major denomination. The United Methodist Church has 500 ordained women, up from 332 in 1970, and the United Presbyterian Church has 189, compared with 103 in 1972. The Lutheran Church in America, which began ordaining women in 1970, has 24 women in clerical posts. U.S. Judaism recently gained its second female rabbi. The number of women wearing the cloth is sure to expand soon because many more are in training. The proportion of women enrolled in the 195 schools accredited by the Association of Theological Schools is now about 14%, up from 10% in 1972. But there have been greater changes in some of the leading schools. Women account for 41% (v. 31% three years ago) of the current first-year class at the Union Theological Seminary, and 35% (v. 17%) at the Harvard Divinity School.

THE SEXES: Help with the Map and Broom

Many husbands are now assuming their share of domestic duties, greatly easing the burden for 34.5 million women who choose to remain in the home. Some innovative families have even formalized housework and child-care arrangements into "marriage contracts." Paternity leaves (unpaid leaves of absence granted by the New York City Board of Education, the University of Michigan and other employers) now mean that some wives no longer have the sole responsibility for the care of their newborn babies. At the same time, an Internal Revenue Service ruling that permits parents to deduct child-care expenses has enabled more housewives to take on a moderate workload, hobbies and other activities. Those who do volunteer work in social agencies find that there is a strong push to urge industry to consider volunteerism as "experience" on job applications—should the housewife some day opt to work.

SPORTS: Up the Locker Room

Liberation in the locker room has been dramatic on virtually every level and for every age group in the past three years. As a result of court rulings, qualified girl players are being allowed into Little League dugouts across the nation. Government guidelines set forth last June have spurred many colleges that receive federal aid to increase their athletic budgets for women. Colleges are also increasing the number of athletic scholarships awarded to women.

In professional athletics, too, women have come a long way. Starting from far behind, they have benefited relatively more than men from the explosion in prize money in recent years. For example, Chris Evert, only 20, has rolled up more than \$200,000 in tennis winnings so far this year.

Meanwhile women sports, a new monthly dedicated to female athletics, reports that no fewer than seven women's pro football teams are now on the gridiron. In Arkansas a sports promoter named Orwell Moore is organizing the nation's first pro basketball league for women. And other small but telling female firsts continue to accumulate. Micki King, a 1972 Olympic diving champion, will soon become director of women's intercollegiate sports at U.C.L.A. Even the International Olympic Committee, says that it is ready to change its 81-year-old tradition and let women into its ranks—as soon as a "qualified" woman member can be found.

These impressive gains seem to demonstrate that feminism is not a fad, as men—and many women—once believed, but a strong and enduring social force. Still, the progress of women has been severely hampered by tokenism, chauvinism and women's own reluctance to abandon their submissive roles. Until they overcome these obstacles, the time is far off for the real "Year of the Woman."

PEDIATRIC SURGEON AT WORK



NEW EPISCOPAL PRIEST



GULF CORPORATION DIRECTOR



Testing Ethics

Question: During the trial of a case by Attorney Alpha, Attorney Beta saw Alpha having a drink in a bar with one of the jurors in the case. The ethical obligation of Attorney Beta, who was not involved in the case, was to 1) keep this knowledge confidential; 2) reprimand Alpha for drinking in a public place with a juror; 3) inform the judge trying the case of this incident; 4) warn Alpha and the juror not to talk further to each other. Answer: No. 3.

A special two-hour section in this year's California bar examination contained 40 such multiple-choice questions on professional ethics. The section was added in an apparent response to a widespread feeling that the shocking number of lawyers involved in the nation's recent political scandals called for much greater attention to legal ethics. The test results bore out the feeling. The examiners report that 44.2% of the 2,313 aspiring attorneys who took the exam last February got fewer than 28 questions right and thus flunked the ethics section. That is roughly the same percentage that failed the exam as a whole; nonetheless, the examiners were shocked, since it was considered a "simple test." Those who failed the ethics section will have to retake it, even if they passed the rest of the test.

California's practicing attorneys

are not likely to hoot too loudly at the oncoming generation: they may eventually be taking a similar test themselves. The state bar's board of governors has already approved in principle a requirement that California lawyers take 60 hours of refresher courses on various subjects—including ethics—every five years. Minnesota is just beginning such a program, and Kansas, New Jersey, New Mexico, Oregon, Washington and Wisconsin are now considering similar requirements. Applied nationwide, such courses should make a start at weeding out or shaping up those members of the bar who do not practice actively, those who fail to keep current on the laws affecting their specialties, and it is hoped, those who are ignorant or insensitive about the ethics of their profession.

Fee Gloom

Because funds from foundations and private contributors have begun to dry up, public interest law firms across the U.S. have been increasingly delighted by a recent trend in court judgments. In the past few years, many federal judges have ordered the losers to pay lawyers' fees when a public interest claim was upheld. The theory was that the plaintiffs' lawyers had acted as "private attorneys general," leading to enforce laws that public agencies could not administer adequately.

In one such case, The Wilderness Society, The Environmental Defense Fund and Friends of the Earth mounted a complex legal attack on the Alaska pipeline. They won in court in 1973, and Congress included new environmental safeguards when it subsequently rewrote laws to allow the building of the pipeline. Because the groups had advanced "substantial public interests," the Washington, D.C., Court of Appeals ordered the Alyeska Pipeline Service Co. to pay them legal fees that might have topped \$100,000. Last week the U.S. Supreme Court voted 5 to 2 to kill the award. The decision carried a gloomy message to public interest lawyers: they can no longer look to the courts as a significant source of additional funding.

Under the so-called American rule, lawyers' fees in the U.S. are not generally charged to the loser, as they are in England, for example. Justice Byron White conceded for the majority that "the encouragement of private action to implement public policy has been viewed as desirable in a variety of circumstances." But, he concluded, Congress has not "extended any roving authority to the Judiciary to allow counsel fees . . . whenever the courts might deem them warranted." Siding with William Brennan in disagreement, Thurgood Marshall cited a number of

"judge-made exceptions" to the American rule and argued that courts therefore had adequate power to award fees when important rights were being protected. Marshall would impose restrictions on power, including a stipulation that the winners of public interest cases would not get fee awards if they were otherwise able to recover enough money in damages or other compensation to pay for the litigation.

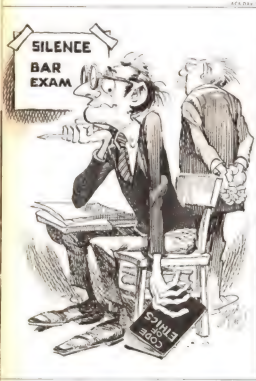
White responded that such a rule would mean fee awards in suits based on "virtually all congressional output." Congress has already provided for lawyers' fees for "private attorneys general" in a number of laws—notably Title II of the 1964 Civil Rights Act, which bans discrimination in places of public accommodation. White would leave it to the nation's legislators rather than the courts to decide whether to extend the principle. One self-appointed public attorney general, Ralph Nader, quickly vowed to ask Congress to do just that. Otherwise, he says, the ruling "is going to have a very depressive impact on the ability of public interest lawyers to litigate."

Marital Tangles

The law imitates life, and it often must sort out marital tangles, which are as complex as the human relationships themselves. Two recent cases:

► When her 18-year marriage was about to end, Los Angeles Housewife Claire Glickman was worried that her soon to be ex-husband Gerald, a sometime salesman, would not make the alimony and child-support payments. She decided that she would agree to the divorce only if the woman he planned to marry, Hilda Collins, guaranteed to pay if he did not. Sure enough, after two years Gerald was behind in his payments. Meanwhile his marriage to Hilda had broken up. Claire sued Hilda for \$8,852.80 owed by Gerald. The California Supreme Court ruled that an agreement is an agreement—however novel it might be. So the second former Mrs. Glickman must now pay up to the first.

► Nine years ago, the Frank Bagnardis of Watervliet, N.Y., adopted a young teenage girl named Llewana. The couple separated two years later, and when they were finally divorced in 1973, Frank got custody of Llewana and his own four natural children. Last year he decided to marry Llewana; they were refused a marriage license and went to court. But Trial Judge William R. Murray recently decided that the state law on "incestuous and void" marriage applies only to blood relatives. So Frank, 50, and Llewana, 23, are now Mr. and Mrs. as well as father and daughter.





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Ultimate Frisbee

A white Frisbee skittered and soared across the spring afternoon as students scrambled between rows of sugar maples that marked the sidelines of a makeshift playing field. An uninformed visitor to the Tufts University campus in Medford, Mass., last week might well have decided that the "Third Invitational Mother's Day Classic" had been taken over by platoons of demented discus throwers. What the galloping giddiness actually involved was an Ultimate Frisbee game between Tufts and Hampshire College of Amherst, one of the final events of the season for the nation's newest intercollegiate sport.

A zany mixture of razzle-dazzle football, playground basketball and soccer, Ultimate Frisbee has sprouted on campuses in the East in the past few years and is spreading westward. It could prove to be just the solution for colleges crippled by the runaway cost of athletics—as well as for students who want to play a team sport that avoids high-pressure, must-win contests.

The students who invented the game in a parking lot at Columbia High School in Maplewood, N.J., six years ago set out to create a simple, inexpensive, low key sport "for the non-athlete." They did just that, then took their creation to college, where they spread it with evangelical enthusiasm.

The requirements for play are modest: an open space measuring 60 yds. by 45 yds., two teams of seven players, a clock to time the two 24-minute halves, and one \$4.50 plastic Frisbee. Goals are scored by catching the Frisbee in the end zone, which can be as deep as the Frisbee flies—or the receiver cares to run.

Getting the Frisbee to the end zone

FINGERTIP CATCH ON THE RUN



is what stirs the bedlam. The plastic disk can be moved only in the air, and whoever catches it is allowed only three "momentum" steps before passing it on. The offense keeps moving only as long as it controls the Frisbee, when passes are blocked, intercepted, dropped or go out of bounds, the Frisbee is turned over to the other team. When a player has the Frisbee, only one opponent at a time may try to block his pass. Substitutions are allowed during breaks in play, and fouls are called on the honor system. In this "gentleman's game," called fouls are rare.

The Frisbee throw best known to run-of-the-backyard players—holding the plastic disk parallel to the ground and flipping it forward with a backhand motion—is of limited use in Ultimate Frisbee. It is too easily blocked. Ulti-



RECEIVER OUTLEAPING DEFENDER

mate stars have developed a special repertory of hard-to-stop releases. Among them:

THE THUMB THROW. The thumb is laid under the forward edge of the Frisbee with the rest of the hand curled around the rim, palm up. The disk is launched with a forehand flick of the wrist.

THE FINGER THROW. The Frisbee is held behind the hand, palm up, with the forefinger and middle finger against the rim. The Frisbee slides off the middle finger during a forehand snap release.

THE WRIST FLIP. The Frisbee is held behind the back, with the arm stiff, and is released while the player is leaping in the air, with much the same motion as a discus throw.

With these varied tosses, a Frisbee



PASSER USING WRIST FLIP

team can generate a crisp, coordinated offense as players weave down the field hitting each other with short, hard passes. For gamblers, the long bomb is the most spectacular weapon: it sends receivers and pursuers in a frantic dash to catch the floating disk as it descends 40 or 50 yds. ahead. On offense, everyone needs the passing skills of a pro quarterback; the job of the defense is to block a pass or pick off the Frisbee in flight. Most teams use a man-to-man defense, though some are introducing zone coverage. In a good game, the Frisbee changes hands almost as fast as in basketball, and scoring is frequent. In the Mother's Day Classic, the final score was Hampshire 22, Tufts 18.

Though it requires the stamina of soccer, Ultimate Frisbee is in many ways a spoof of big-time sports. Most of the schools with teams are far from athletic superpowers—Tufts, Hampshire, Rutgers, Holy Cross, Clark University, Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute. The players take pains to maintain their non-jock distinction. When Rutgers showed up at the first Intercollegiate Frisbee Championship held last month at Yale sporting numbered uniforms and soccer shoes, the Tufts varsity responded by wearing yellow T-shirts all emblazoned with the number 3. At the Tufts-Hampshire tiff, the first Frisbee was thrown out by the grandmother of one of the Tufts players, Mildred Cunningham, a little old Planned Parenthood lady who proceeded to give away LOVE CAREFULLY buttons and tell other spectators that she was "glad the boys are doing this—there're so many worse things they could be doing."

Most Ultimate Frisbee players agree—not necessarily for the same reason. There are, in fact, few other sports that Hampshire High Scorer Steve Hannock can play with his hair spilling down his back and an ever-ready can of beer handy on the sidelines. Or that Maggie Hirsch, a Hampshire junior, can play



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SAFETY: Both are designed with rigid safety-cell passenger compartments and energy-absorbing collapsible front and rear sections. Both have power assisted brakes. The Audi's vented front discs and finned rear drums are backed up by a dual-diagonal braking system. Both have the kind of steering-roll radius which instantly compensates in a front-wheel blowout. Both have radial tires, and childproof rear door locks.

PERFORMANCE: Although both have sophisticated suspension systems and drive trains, Audi's front-wheel drive gives it greater crosswind and tracking stability. Both accelerate from 0 to 50 in about the same time. Both handle precisely but the Audi uses the more direct rack-and-pinion steering system.



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alongside her male classmates. While the younger brother of one player talks excitedly about pro franchises some day, most players would agree with Hampshire Co-Captain Dave Dinerman when he says, "Too much competition will make this the kind of game I wouldn't want to play."

Winter's Last Hurrah

It is hard to imagine anything more incongruous than an ice-hockey game played just before Memorial Day. Or, for that matter, a basketball game. But that is exactly what fans will be facing this week as the long, long hockey and basketball seasons finally wind down with championship play-offs between the Philadelphia Flyers and Buffalo Sabres on melting ice, and the Washington Bullets and Golden State Warriors on overheated courts. If the action is anywhere near as dramatic as the semifinal rounds, few fans will complain about delaying the season's first trip to the beach.

Not since the bumbling New York Mets turned into instant folk heroes in 1969 has the sports world witnessed anything so surprising as the New York Islanders' inspired dash through the Stanley Cup play-offs this year. After first knocking off the Rangers, their haughty New York cousins, and then churning back from a three-games-to-none deficit against the Pittsburgh Penguins, the young, spirited Islanders very nearly upset the league's defending champions, the Flyers.

Having spotted free-swinging Philadelphia a three-game lead in their best-of-seven series, the Islanders, led by diminutive Goalie Glenn ("Chico") Resch, stalled the Flyers' attack and turned the series around. By winning three straight, they forced a decisive sev-

enth game last week. But there the Islanders' improbable success story came to an abrupt end. The Philadelphia team, which began the final game with the good-luck singing of Kate Smith (the Flyers have a record of 43-3-1 after her performances of *God Bless America* before home games), protected its league championship with a 4-to-1 victory. Said Flyer Coach Fred Shero, with obvious relief: "Nobody had better take the Islanders for granted next season."

Shero still faces the most important part of this season: the finals against high-scoring Buffalo, which will be the N.H.L.'s first championship series between two expansion teams. Fired along by the shooting punch of its "French Connection" line—Center Gilbert Perreault and Wingers Rene Robert and Richard Martin—Buffalo reached the finals by humiliating the Montreal Canadiens four games to two. The outcome of the Flyers-Sabres series, which opened last week with a 4-to-1 Flyers victory, should boil down to how well Goalie Bernie Parent and Philadelphia's hard-checking defense contain the flashy Sabre attack.

Brilliant Backcourt. In the N.B.A., the question is whether anyone can beat the Washington Bullets. In topping the defending champion Boston Celtics on its way into the finals, Washington left no doubt why it has the best record in the league: overwhelming strength up front with Center Wes Unseld and Forward Elvin Hayes, and a brilliant backcourt in shifty Playmaker Kevin Porter and Phil Chenier. The Warriors will counter with Rick Barry, the league's second-leading scorer, and a crew of fleet young players including Rookie of the Year Keith Wilkes. They will need all the speed they can muster, plus a sensational performance from Barry, to wear down Washington.

ISLANDER GOALIE GLENN RESCH RELEASING PUCK AFTER STOPPING FLYER SHOT



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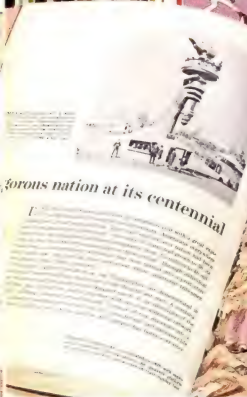
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The Great Medicaid Scandal

For 25 million Americans, Medicaid is a godsend. The program provides medical services for the poor and their children, and nursing-home and extended hospital care for many indigent elderly—all financed by \$12.6 billion in federal and state funds. Unfortunately, other less-deserving people have benefited handsomely from the Medicaid program. Spurred by newspaper stories, the U.S. General Accounting Office (GAO) and investigators in at least half a dozen states have been spending the past several months looking into charges that the program has been egregiously abused. Now they are finding that their suspicions were well founded. Inquiries in New York, California, Minnesota, Florida and Massachusetts reveal that a disturbingly large number of doctors, dentists, druggists and clinic and nursing-home operators are bilking state and federal governments—and their taxpayers—out of millions of dollars annually. Authorities in Illinois have uncovered even more bizarre activities and charged a Chicago dentist with arranging the murders of two Medicaid profiteers, one of whom he suspected of freezing him out of a lucrative business deal.

No Real Control. The responsibility for the growing scandal lies largely in Washington. The Federal Government has never exercised any real control over the Medicaid program. In an effort to promote local independence and avoid duplication of effort, the Government has allowed the states to disburse and control Medicaid expenditures within the structure of their own welfare programs. But most states are ill-equipped to administer such a massive undertaking, making it easier for cheaters to move in.

Legally, only the poor are eligible for Medicaid, but many others take advantage of the program, adding tens of millions to its costs every year. A recent GAO spot check revealed that 28% of those seeking benefits in New York City and Illinois' Cook County were actually ineligible. In California, young girls who do not wish to tell parents of their pregnancies are claiming poverty to obtain abortions under Medi-Cal, as that state's program is called. In Illinois, almost everyone who applied for admission to the state's \$657 million Medicaid program was accepted without investigation.

Medical men have taken advantage of lax administration to bill the Medicaid program for goods and services that were never provided—and in some cases their take has been tremendous. In New York, investigators are looking



"I've worked rubber checks, bogus bills and the ol' shell game, but this Medicaid caper's a new one on me, Doc..."

into the activities of two chiropractors who ran nine ghetto clinics. These operators are suspected of submitting forged invoices and persuading doctors in their clinics to match the invoices with phony treatment charts. The case, which could involve as many as 100 physicians, is believed to have cost Medicaid \$4 million. A San Jose, Calif., psychiatrist recently went to jail because he would regularly see eight or nine mental patients together, then bill Medi-Cal for separate sessions. Numerous indictments of doctors, clinic operators, druggists and other Medicaid providers are expected in Illinois.

Many of the "Medicaid mills" or clinics set up to handle poor patients in the nation's urban ghettos reap enormous profits by such practices as "Ping Ponging" (passing a patient along to all the other doctors in the clinic), "family ganging" (examining all members of a patient's family when only one comes in for a checkup), performing superfluous but costly services such as extra X rays and tests, overprescribing drugs and other medications and, in some cases, accepting kickbacks from pharmacies. Three New York podiatrists agreed to return 60% of the X-ray money they had received since starting their Medicaid practice after investigators found that they overused X rays by this amount.

Computer Screening. Some states are trying to eliminate such abuses by cracking down on suspected offenders. Georgia Governor George Busbee has ordered an investigation of some dentists whose bills seemed unusually large. Probers in Illinois are looking into possible connections between Medicaid profiteers and local officials. "It is almost unbelievable that corruption on such a large scale could exist without cooperation from the inside," says Robert

O'Rourke, deputy to Illinois Attorney General William Scott.

New York City, too, is belatedly moving to prevent further Medicaid abuses. The city has adopted regulations that will require Medicaid providers to keep accurate records of patient referrals and treatments given, and to identify any financial relationships they may have with the estimated 500 Medicaid facilities operating in the city. City authorities are employing a computer to screen invoices submitted by Medicaid providers and to look for instances of overbilling. The system appears to be working. Since it was adopted last year, the city has been demanding—and receiving—more than \$100,000 a month in restitution.

Capsules

► Hamsters seem to be popular as classroom and household pets. But the animals may also be a source of a serious flu-like illness called lymphocytic choriomeningitis (LCM), which causes fever, headaches, severe muscle aches and pains and occasionally nausea and vomiting. That is the conclusion of a team of researchers from the New York State Health Department and the U.S. Public Health Service's Center for Disease Control in Atlanta. The researchers report in the *A.M.A. Journal* that 57 cases of LCM occurred in upstate New York during one four-month period last year. Though several of the victims came from the same families, most of the families had no contact with each other. But the victims had one thing in common: all had handled or been close to hamsters from the same Florida distributor. On testing, at least one hamster belonging to each of eight affected families studied was found to have carried the LCM

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HAMSTER IN LABORATORY
A source of flu-like illness?

virus. The public health scientists urge other physicians to look for LCM when they encounter the same symptoms, especially if their patients own hamsters.

► Doctors, clergymen and ethicists have never been able to agree on the point at which human life begins. Does it start at conception? When the fetus becomes capable of survival outside the womb? At the moment of birth? Dr. Dominick Purpura of New York's Albert Einstein College of Medicine offers a new definition. He says that life starts when brain life begins, and he defines this point as some time between the 28th and 32nd week of pregnancy. Purpura bases his conclusion on 16 years of laboratory studies and more recent examinations of 30 premature and full-term infants who died of natural causes. He found that before the 28th week, the structures and nerve-cell connections that characterize the cerebral or thinking part of the fully developed human brain were missing. But these features had begun to form in the brains of all of the fetuses that were at least 28 weeks old, and were highly developed by the 32nd week of pregnancy. Although right-to-lifers and others are bound to take issue with Purpura's suggestion that human life begins with brain life, there should be little opposition from physicians. Most of them recognize that the brain rather than the heart is the central organ of life, and that life ends with the death of the brain.

► Because the kidneys produce the form of vitamin D necessary for the normal bone-building process, many people with kidney disease, and especially those on dialysis treatments, suffer from serious and progressive bone deterioration and may become crippled. Now help may be on the way. A team headed by Dr. Hector DeLuca of the University of Wisconsin has developed a form of vitamin D that enables the body to assimilate calcium from food and deposit it in the bones. They have tested it on about 50 patients so far. DeLuca is confident that the synthetic vitamin will prove invaluable to some 100,000 people who have serious kidney disease. The vitamin D compound has already had dramatic effect on Canadian Arthur Olson, 24, whose bones had deteriorated so badly that they could no longer support his body. Within a month of being treated with the compound, he was able to give up his wheelchair. After four months, he abandoned his crutches.

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Cut this chart out and put it in your phone book



THE TROJAN RABBIT



THE MONTY PYTHONS: CLEESE, GILLIAM, PALIN, JONES (WITH FOOT), IDLE & CHAPMAN

SHOW BUSINESS & TELEVISION

Killer Joke Triumphs

At least 2 million Americans are now aware of the Ministry of Silly Walks. College students are finding new meanings for the word stupid, and old ladies may even be getting ideas about beating up kids. What is this pernicious influence, bordering on a cult, that is now sweeping the U.S.? The word is Monty Python. Five roopy young Englishmen, who methodically take the world apart each week in a series of sketches mysteriously called *Monty Python's Flying Circus*, have conquered the U.S. air waves. The Pythons are getting the kind of following that a presidential candidate might envy. They are the hottest TV import; 78 public-television stations are now committed to run the show, which is one of the most popular

in public TV history. Doubtless there will be many more as their new movie, *Monty Python and the Holy Grail* (see box), is released across the nation. The flick has already opened in Manhattan, where on the first days, crowds lined up four deep around a city block. Said the Pythons' U.S. manager Nancy Lewis: "And they thought no one would understand them here."

Real People. Whether or not Americans actually do understand the Pythons' uniquely English nonsense is moot. Their comedy is crowded with jokes about British TV announcers and politicians; their best sketches are intimate parodies of the idiocies of British life. Moreover, their style is the opposite of hard-hitting American humor. The Pythons can hardly summon a wise-crack among them. However, Program

Director Ron Devillier of KERA in Dallas knows what endears them to Americans: "They have a nice sense of sex." Says a Philadelphia insurance broker "They're the only real people on television."

This verdict would delight the Pythons. They have done their best to remove themselves from boring reality and construct something far more pleasurable. It was in a London pub in 1969 that John Cleese and Graham Chapman, gagwriters for the *Frost Report*, teamed up with Michael Palin, Terry Jones and Eric Idle, similarly disaffected writers from Britain's then booming satire business. They decided to start their own program. The BBC did not balk when told that the show would be "anarchic and free." Recalls Cleese: "They thought they were getting another late-

Legendary Lunacy

MONTY PYTHON AND THE HOLY GRAIL

Directed by TERRY GILLIAM

and TERRY JONES

Screenplay by GRAHAM CHAPMAN,

JOHN CLEESE, TERRY GILLIAM, ERIC IDLE,

TERRY JONES, MICHAEL PALIN

King Arthur, as London's Monty Python troupe imagines him, is really an awfully sensible, decent chap. Played by Graham Chapman, he is the kind of tweedy fellow who should be sitting on the Tory party backbench in modern Britain rather than running around 6th century England forming Round Tables and looking for holy grails.

The king's enlightened path is always blocked by problems. One of them is a movable castle full of French knights who defend their ramparts by shouting down intolerable sexual insults and pelting would-be attackers with a hail of

dead farm animals—most unchivalrous. Another obstacle is a Black Knight of uncompromising combativeness; after Arthur has severed all four of his limbs, the knight perversely insists on trying to bite the king on the ankle. Then there are the guardians of a sacred forest who demand a tribute of shrubbery—something with "a nice layered effect"—before allowing Arthur and his party to pass. That, of course, only brings them closer to such perils as a murderous bunny rabbit who is improbably but effectively charged with defending a cave where a vital clue to the grail's whereabouts is located. Bunies indeed are much on the Python group's mind. One of the strategems that the heroes devise to gain access to the French castle is a Trojan rabbit. It does not work out, but then not much else does either.

Arthur's adventures reach no logical conclusion. They are simply brought

to an abrupt end when a police car rolls up and the entire Round Table is rounded up. The knights are charged with being accessories to the murder of the historian who popped up midway in the movie—BBC style—to supply some useless background on the traditions of medieval romance. The intervention of the bobbies also leads to the fine sight of a fully armored knight spread-eagled against the squad car and being patted down for concealed weapons.

This is a key image in the film, which pats down the entire chivalric tradition for bloody and dangerous residual ideas. Along with the high comedy, this determined insistence on the gory stupidity of ancient but still potent fancy is what holds the film together. *Grail* is as funny as a movie can get, but it is also a tough-minded picture—as outraged about the human propensity for violence as it is outrageous in its attack on that propensity.

■ Richard Schickel

night satire show. It wasn't that at all." Constantly testing sketches on one another, the Pythons were bent on turning English literary and verbal humor into a series of sight gags. They soon enlisted a new recruit, Minnesota-born Terry Gilliam, whose animated graphics are a favorite device for closing a sketch. "We worked intuitively," explains Cleese of those early days. "We went looking for stupid things. We just wanted to pick a few flowers."

As they gained confidence, the Pythons embarked on ever wilder flights of fancy. Simple moments, such as a karate class being attacked by fresh fruit, grew to sequences like the Killer Joke that caused everyone to die laughing. Ultimately, the Joke was taken over by the War Office and launched against the Nazis in the Ardennes. Another Python classic was the case of the listless cat. "In a rut," declared its owners, who thereupon called in the Confuse-A-Cat team, men in white coats who stage a full-scale military review. The cat watches without twitching a whisker. Then it suddenly goes crazy.

Ad Lib. *Monty Python* soon became a huge award-winning hit. Four records were issued, books of Python jokes were published, and in 1972 the best TV sketches were stitched into the movie *And Now for Something Completely Different*. By last spring, when the group went to Scotland for *Holy Grail*, the Python no-formula rule had become a formula itself. "Everyone assumes this stuff is ad lib," says *Grail* Producer Mark Forster. "But the Pythons are like a rock group with the performance planned down to the last minute."

Programmed spontaneity has not, however, sobered the Pythons. After Jones, who is also writing a book about Chaucer, had researched the Arthurian legend, everyone had a go at embellishing it. Together they ripped apart the lily maid of Astolat ("just because a watery tart threw a sword at you"), and Idle introduced a new Round Table knight, Sir Robin the Chickenhearted, who is dogged by literal-minded minstrels who hymn his cowardice.

A *Flying Circus* series new to the U.S. will be aired in the fall, culled from the repeats that have been running in England since 1972. Recently, the Pythons have struck out on their own. Cleese is working on a show "about a rude and bad-tempered hotelkeeper who cannot cope; it embodies all the bad service in British hotels." Idle has devised *Rutland Weekend Television*, named after England's smallest county, which vanished in an organizational shuffle last year. But when the Pythons arrived in New York City to promote *Holy Grail*, they were so entranced by the natives who actually recognized them individually that they agreed to everything—a new movie, another record and, as a public service, a nationwide stage tour next spring that may make Woodstock look like a church social.

Heil Heel

ARTURO UI
by BERTOLT BRECHT

Bertolt Brecht had a stubborn faith that the task of drama was to prevent history from repeating itself. In the theater, he often seems like a classroom disciplinarian who is chalking out cautionary lessons on a blackboard.

The lesson of the drama that has been revived at Boston's Charles Playhouse is best conveyed by its full title, *The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui*. Ui is Hitler. He and Goebbels, Göring and Roehm, under various aliases, are presented as Chicago gangsters who muscle into the vegetable trust (the Depression-ravaged German industrialists) and



AL PACINO IN *ARTURO UI*
A tongue-darting tic.

bulldoze the honest but senile leading citizen (Hindenburg) into legalizing their protection racket.

The play is a plum for the actor who plays Ui. Al Pacino would be a hand-in-glove fit for the part. Not so. Physically, he slopes about the stage in a Neanderthal manner and adopts a metronomic, tongue-darting tic. He is good at evoking the image of a sometimes sniveling, sometimes snarling, power-hungry hood, but the role demands more. Ui must resemble a sinister Chaplin. He must possess a chilling, demonic mesmerism. Pacino displays neither.

The rest of the cast is uneven. John Cazale does well as a funereally unctuous Goebbels, while Jaime Sanchez simply rants as Göring. The most disconcerting performance is that of Sully Boyar, who plays Hindenburg as a gemütlicher grandpapa with a Jewish inflection. The ultimate failure rests with Pacino, who leaves a final impression of Hitler as a poor immigrant boy who made it very very big. ■ T.E. Kulem

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Colonizing Space

When Princeton Physicist Gerard K. O'Neill made the proposal that space colonies be established to relieve the earth's overcrowding, increasing pollution and energy shortages, many of his more skeptical colleagues dismissed the scheme as one more exercise in scientific fantasy. But, unlike many other far-out proposals, the idea has not faded into oblivion.

For almost a year, O'Neill has continued to expand his vision with imaginative new details. He has become so convincing an advocate that this month, at a three-day conference in Princeton, 100 scientists, engineers, international lawyers and social scientists agreed that space colonization is not only possible but eminently feasible. They even discussed such basic questions as what kind of meat the colonists will eat (the conferees were told that rabbits, chickens and pigs would be easier to raise in space than cattle) and what types of legal and social structures might be set up in their extraterrestrial world.

Huge Cylinders. This summer two dozen specialists, including O'Neill, will convene for ten weeks at NASA's Ames Research Center in Mountain View, Calif., to study the practical problems of getting the enormous project into orbit. Meanwhile, O'Neill, 48, is energetically continuing to press the idea in sci-

entific articles, television and radio talks, and in campus lectures at the rate of at least two a week. Says he: "The whole thing is exploding so fast that I am beginning to worry about how to make time for my work in physics."

As it was first spelled out (TIME, June 3), O'Neill's scheme called for assembling in space large aluminum cylinders that would house self-contained communities. The cylinders would be built at the constantly moving "libration points," where the gravity of the earth and of the moon cancel each other out. Permanently in orbit at those positions, each pair of huge cylinders (1,100 yds. long and 220 yds. in diameter) would support 10,000 people; they would contain an atmosphere like earth's, water, farm land and a variety of flora and fauna. The cylinders would rotate slowly, thus simulating gravity and holding people, buildings and soil "down" on the inner surfaces. For power, the space colonizers would rely on ever-present sunlight, captured by large external mirrors that could be controlled to create the effect of night and day and even of seasonal change.

At the Princeton gathering, O'Neill and others discussed the establishment of the first colony at a libration point called L5, which lies in the moon's orbit at a spot equidistant from earth and moon. Simultaneously, the space colonizers would set up a small mining base

on the moon. Its purpose: to provide most of the building blocks for the colonies. Rich in aluminum, titanium, iron and other essential materials—including oxygen—lunar rocks could be fired off by a continuously catapulting device. Slowing as they climb out of the moon's gravity, these building blocks would eventually arrive at the construction site in free space. That would be much cheaper than carrying the materials from earth, where mineral-rich ores are already scarce and stronger gravity makes it necessary to use more powerful and costly rockets for launching.

Future Shock. As an added incentive, says O'Neill, the early colonies could be devoted to space manufacturing—for example, the construction of large turbogenerators driven by sunlight. Much easier to build in the gravity-free environment around the colonies, these giant machines could be towed back to the vicinity of the earth, parked in fixed orbit and then used to relay the captured solar power down to earth as a beam of microwaves.*

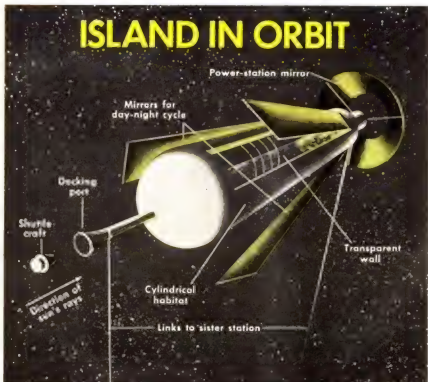
O'Neill concedes that such conceptions are "very rich in future shock" and larger than anything yet attempted in space or even planned on the drawing boards of space scientists. But he is firmly convinced that they could be achieved with technology that is either already available or almost perfected. In fact, says O'Neill, the first space habitat—*he* thinks the word colony connotes exploitation—could be functioning by the start of the next century. Its early inhabitants would probably be "hard-hat types," O'Neill says, but after the initial construction is finished almost anyone with a spirit of adventure could live at L5. The cost would be somewhat more than that of the \$25 billion Project Apollo, which placed men on the moon, but no more than a fifth of the estimated minimal \$600 billion tab for Project Independence, the U.S. effort to free itself from dependence on foreign energy sources long before the year 2000.

Beans and Whales

For many years the Indians and early settlers of the American Southwest treasured the oil they pressed from the beans of the wild jojoba shrub. In Arizona and California the jojoba (pronounced ho-ho-bah) oil was used as a nostrum for almost every ill: to ease childbirth, as a remedy for cancer, even as a laxative. Spanish colonists liked to rub the waxy, colorless oil on their mustaches. Last week a panel of National Research Council scientists reported that the jojoba bean may also be a panacea for the endangered sperm whale.

The giant sea mammals (up to 60

*Which can be converted back to ordinary electricity with only a minimal loss of power.





ENGRAVING OF EARLY SPERM-WHALE HUNT
From cosmetics to car transmissions.

ft. in length) are relentlessly hunted for the exceptionally fine oil that can be extracted from their tissue and head cavities. Sperm-whale oil and the waxy substance separated from it—spermaceti—are resistant to high temperatures and pressures, and have been used in such varied processes as coating paper and fabrics, manufacturing cosmetics, soaps and candles, cold-rolling steel and lubricating automatic car transmissions, watches and other precision machinery. In an effort to protect the world's dwindling population of sperm whales, in late 1970 the U.S. banned the importation of their oil. Even though other nations, notably the U.S.S.R. and Japan, continued to hunt the whales, the U.S. stockpile of the oil began to dwindle alarmingly, and manufacturers argued that there was no adequate substitute.

In fact, there was. In the 1930s, Robert A. Greene, a chemist at the University of Arizona's College of Agriculture, noted that there was a remarkable chemical similarity between jojoba-bean oil and that of the sperm whale. Other researchers confirmed his findings; the university's Office of Arid Lands Studies still publishes an occasional bulletin called *Jojoba Happenings* to promote cultivation of the bean. But until recently sperm-whale oil was still plentiful, and efforts to substitute jojoba oil did not attract much commercial enthusiasm.

Economic Boost. In its new report, the Washington panel laments that neglect. It emphasizes that jojoba-bean oil could "probably be used as a sperm oil substitute for the complete range of uses." Furthermore, the report notes that growing the dark, peanut-sized beans could provide an economic boost for the impoverished Indian reservations in the Southwest. The hardy, long-lived (up to 200 years) shrubs could readily be cultivated in desert land that has until now been almost totally unproductive. The panel conceded that the start-up costs for a jojoba plantation would be high, but after the plants reach maturity in five years, they would begin to pay off handsomely, even as they were contributing to the salvation of the great sperm whale.

Instant Festival

Leave it to the New York City Ballet to come up with something novel in the way of dance spectacles: instant festivals of new works inspired by the music of a single composer. In one heady, hectic week of June 1972, the company presented 21 original ballets, all shaped by Igor Stravinsky compositions. Last week, to celebrate the 100th anniversary of Maurice Ravel's birth, City Ballet offered a unique "Homage" to that composer, with the first of three programs that will provide New York City audiences with 16 brand-new pieces of choreography (plus one untar-nished oldie, *La Valse*).

No other company in the world would even dare this kind of paroxysm of creativity. The main reason, of course, is that no other dance troupe has resident choreographers with the inventiveness of George Balanchine or the fluency of Jerome Robbins, who will be responsible for 13 of the Homage productions. If audience reaction at a celebrity-laden gala preview can be trusted, the Homage to Ravel could well be a popular and commercial success. Whether it will have as lasting an aesthetic impact as the Stravinsky festival is another matter. That orgy of new dance is an evergreen memory to many balletomanes, and ten of the works created for it are still in the company's repertoire.

Dreamy Look. Judging by the first program, the Ravel Homage may be a mixed blessing. The opening ballet was Balanchine's *Sonatine*, set to a Ravel piano piece of 1906. It is the sort of evanescent pas de deux that Mr. B. has created countless times in the past. As performed by Violette Verdy and Jean-Pierre Bonnefous, it has the dreamy, offhand look of an advanced studio exercise—lovely to look at but nothing substantial to remember.

Reviewing any work by Jerome Robbins these days is something of a risk. He fusses and tinkers with his choreography so much that two performances of a work are seldom the same. Robbins might want to make changes in the first and third sections of *Concerto in G*; the movements for soloists and the corps are marred by the too-easy theatricality that is at once his gift and curse. It is to be hoped that he will leave untouched *Concerto's* second section, an extended adagio pas de deux for Suzanne Farrell and Peter Martins that ranks with Robbins' loveliest creations. The best of his pas de deux have a sense of in-

tertined intimacy. They constitute a kind of visual poetry in suggesting, through gesture and motion, the moods and mystery of the relation between man and woman. This achingly tender dance duet is greatly enhanced by the supple, lyric grace of Farrell, who has returned to the company after five years in exile, as it were, with Maurice Béjart's Ballet of the 20th Century. There is a mature queenliness now in the style of this quintessential Balanchine ballerina, and she has never danced better.

Mr. B. has a nostalgic love for the fairy-tale side of romantic Imperial ballet. That fondness has produced masterpieces—*The Nutcracker*, for example—but it can also lead to muddled fables like *L'Enfant et les Sortilèges* (The Boy and the Sorceresses). Described as a "lyric fantasy" and based on a story by Colette, *L'Enfant* is as much an operetta as a ballet. It requires a chorus, a quintet of singing narrators and a boy soprano. He plays a naughty child who escapes from his studies into a fantasy world of cavorting armchairs, dancing teapots, and a veritable zoo of cats, bats, frogs, squirrels and dragonflies.

Balanchine first choreographed this mixed-media event for Théâtre de Monte Carlo in 1925, shortly after he first met Ravel. Perhaps it would have been better to let the work retreat into decent obscurity. This new production is sumptuous by City Ballet standards, but the singers are nearly incomprehensible, the Dalcroze sets poorly lit and the comic effects too often unfunny.

One faltering first program does not add up to failure. After all, there are still 13 more ballets to go. Moreover, even if invention flags, there is still the delight of seeing the marvelous City Ballet dancers in fresh choreography. They respond to it with palpable zest. ■ John T. Elsen

MARTINS & FARRELL IN CONCERTO



JOHN T. ELSEN

Treasure and Trespasses

In size, scope and excellence of quality, the Robert Lehman Collection—now ensconced in a special wing of New York's Metropolitan Museum and soon to be seen by the public—was the last of its kind. It was started 70 years ago by the investment banker Philip Lehman, head of Lehman Brothers; his son developed it into a great private collection along the legendary pattern of the Morgan or the Frick. It ranges from Renaissance pottery and medieval *acquamanilia* (water vessels) to Rembrandts, El Grecos and an astounding collection of more than 1,000 14th-19th century drawings. Parts of this hoard were occasionally lent to institutions like

the Orangerie in Paris, but nobody had regular access to it except Lehman's friends and a small circle of approved art historians. Lehman's eye for painting after 1860 was poor, and his collection has its foibles—one being an appetite for fluffy-bunny boudoir pictures by Renoir and his imitators. But any museum director in America would have genuflected his way backward down a drainpipe to secure the old masters, and Lehman knew it.

Five Conditions. Though Lehman had presided over the Met as trustee and chairman, there were rumors that the pictures might go to Yale or the Smithsonian. "You will never, never, never get it—unless you fulfill five conditions," Lehman once told the Met's director, Thomas Hoving. Some of the terms are still secret, but his known requirements boiled down to a demand that the works be housed forever beneath a glass roof in a new separate wing of the Metropolitan; that they should never be absorbed into the bulk of the Met's collections; and that the old masters should be hung in replicas of the rooms in the Lehman town house in New York. In 1969 Kevin Roche and John Dinkeloo Associates, using money given by Lehman, produced a plan not only for the new wing, but for the redesign of one entire side of the Metropolitan.

The plan, to be completed by around 1979, will cost some \$80 million and includes the new American and European wings, the Temple of Dendur (under glass), as well as the Michael Rockefeller wing for primitive art. The \$7.1 million Lehman pavilion was merely the first phase. But it is certainly the most spectacular, as well as controversial. Seen from Central Park, it is dominated by a 67-ft-high glass pyramid built onto the museum's original Victorian

façade, with an atrium below, two levels of gray limestone ambulatories, and (sealed off from daylight on the main floor) so-called period rooms in which the greatest paintings hang.

Some of its contents are both well known and justly famous: the majestic *St. Jerome as a Cardinal* by El Greco, Giovanni di Paolo's exquisite description of the medieval cosmos, *The Expulsion from Paradise*, Rembrandt's *Portrait of Gérard de Lairesse*, a Botticelli *Annunciation*. Others are perhaps less familiar—Ingres's *Portrait of the Princesse de Broglie*, one of the supreme moments in 19th century art; a Sassetti *Temptation of St. Anthony*; Petrus Christus' *Saint Eligius* and assorted Flemish treasures; a splendid array of medieval and Renaissance panel paintings from Italy and northern Europe. Among the drawings—which, at the time of Lehman's death, was one of the greatest collections in private hands in the world—are such rarities as two highly finished studies by Rogier van der Weyden, a sketch by Leonardo da Vinci and Dürer's famous self-portrait at age 22.

Transparent Pyramid. The setting, however, is a different matter. It is pharaonic: a nucleus of ritual objects meant to serve the dead man in his next life, immured at the center of a transparent pyramid. Only a mummy is absent, but the eye of an irreverent visitor may easily stray to the center of the sunken atrium, half expecting to see a sarcophagus. Roche-Dinkeloo's design is elegant, icy and inflated. Lehman agreed that the new wing should have almost the same proportions as the Met's Great Hall—thus ensuring a large abstract monument to himself—but he also wanted to commemorate his way of life with the period rooms. Unfortunately, these seven gloomily sumptuous chambers are of little historical interest (they were done in 1959 by a Paris decorator, in a plum-cake version of stockbroker's plush). Lehman's paintings, now that they are public, would have looked better in a clean, airy, comprehensible museum space than in this red velvet warren. No service to art is done by preserving the symbolism of private ownership in a public precinct; in a museum, paintings and sculpture deserve—indeed, demand—to be experienced as unadorned messages from the painter to the viewer, rather than as things colored by the presence of this or that owner. In that regard, the Lehman bequest has set a precedent that one hopes will not be followed by lesser collectors eager for self-commemoration. Nevertheless, the collection itself remains superb: an extraordinary addition to the Metropolitan and, by extension, to the quality of imaginative life in New York, and the U.S.

■ Robert Hughes

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VIEW OF THE PAVILION WITH ATRIUM (LEFT) & OUTER GALLERY



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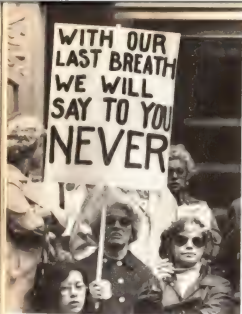
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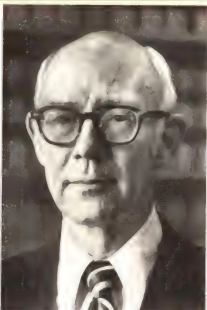
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R.O.A.R. MEMBERS DEMONSTRATING



FEDERAL JUDGE GARRITY

EDUCATION

Phase Two for Boston

"It's the death knell of the city," predicts Boston City Council Member Louise Day Hicks. "People will not comply," says State Senator William Bulger. "They will leave the city." From Hyde Park to South Boston the doomsayers were in full cry last week, and their bombast was directed at Federal District Court Judge W. Arthur Garrity. In a 104-page court order, Garrity produced his final plan for desegregating the city's troubled schools—a decision that promises, at the least, to keep Boston in turmoil for months to come.

Garrity's new plan supersedes a temporary one that he had ordered the Boston School Committee to put into effect last fall. That order led to school boycotts by whites, unruly demonstrations, occasional bloodshed and massive use of police. At first glance, it appears likely that Garrity's Phase Two scheme will spawn more of the same. The plan calls for the busing of approximately 21,000 students, 3,000 more than in Phase One. In addition, Garrity has ordered that 12,000 of those to be bused be children in Grades 1 through 5; only 3,000 students in those grades were bused this year. Garrity says that he hopes to limit the length of the trips to an average of ten to 15 minutes. For that reason he has ruled out busing for one potential trouble spot: predominantly white East Boston, which is separated from the rest of the city by Boston Harbor.

Garrity's aim is to bus enough students to ensure that the racial mixture at most Boston public schools conforms more or less to the citywide ratio of 51% white, 37% black and 12% other minorities. To help achieve that goal, he

has ordered 20 schools to close their doors and has created nine new school districts. One of the districts will consist of 22 "magnet" schools spread throughout the city. The magnet schools, open to any Boston children as long as their enrollment conforms to citywide racial ratios, are designed to encourage voluntary desegregation by offering specialized courses that will attract students from other neighborhoods.

Blacks generally reacted favorably to the new ruling, but many whites were enraged. During a hearing last week in Judge Garrity's courtroom, hundreds of R.O.A.R. (Restore Our Alienated Rights) members wearing STOP BUSING buttons and waving American flags demonstrated noisily outside. Inside the courtroom, Garrity was hissed as he questioned two R.O.A.R. leaders about their part in a demonstration the week before outside South Boston High School. As the hearing ended, one spectator complained (loud enough for Garrity to hear): "The guy's sick, that's all, sick."

New Schools. Some whites, resigned to the inevitability of public school integration, are making plans to educate their children elsewhere. Says Helen Barrett, whose son will start school in September, "We may just go to Ireland for a couple of years." Ed King of West Roxbury has another solution. "We'll start our own schools," he says. Indeed, some white students are already attending new private schools.

Councilwoman Hicks, who unsuccessfully ran for mayor in 1967 on an antibusing and law-and-order ticket, signaled her intention to fight. Judge Garrity's decision, she warned, "will trigger rising tensions and chaos and disorder." In September, she said, "it will

be the decision of each individual parent whether to put their little children on a bus and send them into hostile territory. But I predict one of the biggest boycotts that has ever been witnessed in this country."

Demise of the Center

For the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, no subject has been too cosmic, no issue too complex. In the past 16 years, the center has boldly sought to "clarify the basic issues and widen the circle of discussion about them." An offshoot of the Fund for the Republic, an organization dedicated to defending civil liberties, the center was organized by Robert Hutchins, iconoclastic former president of the University of Chicago. Amidst the seaside splendor of a 43-acre Mediterranean-style estate in Santa Barbara, Calif., the center's scholars pursued Hutchins' formidable goal. An average of three mornings a week, the chimes of a Benedictine bell summoned them forth to a marble-floored edifice for "dialogues" on weighty issues—many of which eventually appeared in a lofty publication called *The Center Magazine*.

Last week, however, the dialogue was less reasoned and rational. In fact, there had been increasing acrimony in Santa Barbara, and everything was in a shambles. The center, nearly out of funds, was planning to move to Chicago. The president had resigned, the staff had been cut to the bone, and the center's last major financial benefactor said that he would withdraw his support.

Ford Money. Much of the blame for the center's current plight lies with Hutchins, who firmly believes in sparing no expense in the pursuit of knowledge. Despite initial backing of \$4 million, supplied by the Ford Foundation from money originally granted to the Fund for the Republic, and subsequent bequests that totaled some \$26 million, the center's annual expenses often exceeded income—and unrestricted gifts were never put aside for endowment. Hutchins gave the up to 20 resident fellows—many of whom were often absent from the center—annual stipends of as much as \$35,000 each, and visiting scholars were boarded in luxury at the Santa Barbara Biltmore. Says Senior Fellow Dr. Alex Comfort, author of *The Joy of Sex*: "Hutchins may have set out to study democratic institutions, but he ran this place like a Byzantine harem."

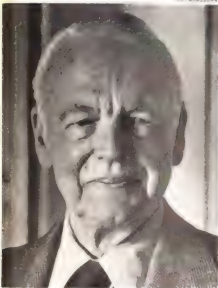
Last June, Hutchins hired Malcolm Moos, formerly president of the University of Minnesota, and installed him as president in the hope that he could raise funds to restore the center to solvency. Hutchins, now 76, ostensibly retired to a cottage on the estate as a salaried "life fellow," but retained considerable behind-the-scenes clout. "I knew I'd have to scramble," says Moos. "but I had no idea the situation was so desperate." In November he reduced the staff from 64

to 39 and pared his budget by 50%, to \$1.2 million. In January, 24 more employees were let go, and Moos submitted an austerity budget of \$500,000. In the past four months, he managed to reduce the center's deficit to \$30,000 by raising more than \$300,000 from foundations and private contributors.

But for Moos' critics at the center, these efforts were not enough. Says Harry Ashmore, former editor in chief of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* and Hutchins' chief operating officer: "When Moos was elected we were in no worse financial condition than we always had been. If we're in trouble now, it's because Malcolm Moos doesn't have the prestige to maintain the dialogue."

As the center's financial plight worsened, Moos last month offered its 26-member board two alternatives for survival. The center could remain in Santa Barbara, retaining only four resident fel-

LOWE/REYNOLDS



ROBERT HUTCHINS
"A Byzantine harem."

lows, or it could affiliate with the University of California at San Diego, with funding for as many as ten resident scholars. The board chose instead a plan crafted by Hutchins, who marshaled opposition against Moos. Under Hutchins' plan, the center would sell the Santa Barbara property and support only a small staff—one of whom would be newly reappointed President Hutchins—at the University of Chicago. That was too much for Moos, who promptly resigned.

But even the "Chicago plan" appears in jeopardy. The center has recently been largely dependent on the royalty income from Senior Fellow Comfort's bestselling book. But Comfort, distressed at the board's decision, says, "The center has no future—it is a fiction and a sham." He plans to withhold payment of the rest of 1975's royalties, estimated to be \$51,600.



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MILESTONES

Divorced. Phyllis Diller, 58, rubber-faced doyenne of domestic comedy; from her husband of ten years, Actor-Singer Warde Donovan, 59, in Los Angeles. Ms. Diller's courthouse exit line: "We have a great settlement. I got the house and I gave him the gate."

Died. Marguerite Perey, 65, pioneering research chemist; of cancer; in Paris. At 20, Perey began working as a laboratory assistant to Marie Curie at the French Radium Institute. In 1939 she isolated francium, the 87th element in the periodic table. Cancer, probably caused by her work with radioactive elements, had already afflicted her when she was elected as the first female corresponding member of the French Academy of Science in 1962.

Died. Thomas McCahill, 68, popular automobile writer; of a heart attack; in Ormond Beach, Fla. In 1946 McCahill began basing his *Mechanix Illustrated* critiques of new models on his own road tests. Spiced with tart "McCahillisms" (he once compared a Jaguar's heating system to "an old lady breathing on your leg"), "Uncle Tom's" column had a wide following for almost three decades.

Died. Bob Wills, 70, "Western Swing" bandleader-composer; of pneumonia; in Fort Worth. Wills turned out dance tunes that are now called country rock, introducing with his Texas Playboys such C & W classics as *Take Me Back to Tulsa* and *New San Antonio Rose*.

Died. Jonathan Norton Leonard, 71, TIME's Science editor from 1945 to 1965; of heart disease; in Manhattan. Leonard covered the development of the A-bomb, the first nuclear reactor and the early discoveries of the space age. A man of wide-ranging curiosity, he was a biblical scholar as well as a Latin American specialist; he could describe quasars or the ways of night-flying squirrels with precision and clarity. Such books as *Flight Into Space* and *Crusades of Chemistry* made Leonard one of the nation's most respected science writers.

Died. Clifford Durr, 76, Federal Communications commissioner and civil liberties lawyer; of a heart attack; in Wetumpka, Ala. On the FCC from 1941 to 1948, Durr lobbied for "public interest" channels, helping to make possible today's PBS-TV network. Later, in his native Alabama, Durr defended Mrs.

Rosa Parks, a seamstress, whose 1955 arrest for violating Montgomery's bus segregation ordinance became a landmark in the struggle for integration.

Died. Leroy "Buddy" McHugh, 84, legendary police reporter; of heart disease; in Chicago. Last survivor of the brash Chicago press corps depicted in *The Front Page*, McHugh used every ploy to scoop competitors: posing as a coroner to get privileged information, hiding behind police sergeants' desks and answering their phones. Though he reported some 700 murders, McHugh's greatest coup came in 1952 when he filed a series of interviews with an escaped swindler before persuading him to surrender to FBI officials in Milwaukee.

Died. Ernst Alexanderson, 97, prolific inventor of over 320 electrical devices; in Schenectady, N.Y. Using a high-frequency alternator he developed at General Electric Co. labs, Alexanderson in 1906 made his first continuous-wave broadcast from a radio station in Brant Rock, Mass. The program featured a soprano, a violinist and a speech, startled wireless operators at sea, who had previously been able to receive only dots and dashes.

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OUTLOOK/BOARD OF ECONOMISTS

The Upturn: Sensational, But Lousy

Measured by the rate at which production will rise, the U.S. economy's recovery from its worst slump since the 1930s will be swift. But business has fallen to such low levels, and has so far to climb back, that even a vigorous upturn will leave unemployment dismally high through 1976. That is the consensus of members of TIME's Board of Economists, who assembled in Manhattan last week to discuss, among other issues, the probable course of the nation's bounce back from recession. Board Member Arthur Okun sums up: "The rate of growth in the economy is going to be sensational, but the level of operation is going to be lousy."

Slower Slump. To a man, the economists agree that the recession is nearing its end—although the rebound is not yet at hand. Production will probably continue drifting down through the spring, making the current quarter the sixth straight in which output has declined. Underscoring that prediction, the Government reported last week that industrial production fell again in April by .4%, which represents a marked slowdown from the 1.3% decline in March.

The board members believe that the long-awaited upturn should begin this summer and accelerate smartly after that. During the fourth quarter, most expect real gross national product—output of goods and services, discounted for

inflation—to rise at an annual rate of 6% to 7%. For the whole of 1976, a majority of board members predict that production will increase by 6% or more. Okun believes that real G.N.P. will increase at a hefty 8% rate during the first twelve months of the rebound.

Even that rapid a rise in production would still leave the economy operating well below its capacity. IBM Vice President David Grove figures that real G.N.P. this year will run 15% below what it could be if the economy used its resources of plant, materials and man-

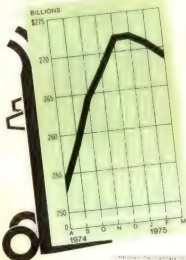
of the recovery are badly stalling auto sales and the continuing doldrums in housing. Both industries played major roles in lifting the economy out of past recessions, but few board members expect that they will lend the same robust support this time. Housing starts are running at an annual rate of less than 1 million and are generally not expected to climb much above 1.4 million this year, v. 2.5 million in early 1973. The main reason, as Nathan points out, is that builders still have a full year's supply of finished but unsold houses to dis-



JOSEPH PECHMAN, BERYL SPRINKEL & ROBERT NATHAN AT SESSION LAST WEEK
By summer, the long-awaited recovery should begin.

MANUFACTURING and TRADE Inventories

Book value,
end of month, seasonally adjusted



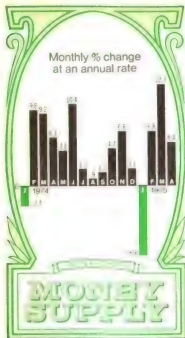
power to full potential. The gap between actual and potential output, he calculates, will shrink only to 13% next year, and even to 11% by 1977. At its peak, in the third quarter of 1973, production was running at less than 2% below capacity.

The worst consequence: the jobless rate, now 8.9% of the work force, will go on rising for a few more months and will come down slowly after that. Most board members expect a peak of about 9.5%. Robert Nathan guesses that it could hit 10%—and predicts that the unemployment rate will not go below 8% any time next year. Other board members are slightly more optimistic. Otto Eckstein forecasts a jobless rate of 7.7% by the end of 1976. Even that would mean that after a year and a half of recovery, the unemployment rate would be as severe as it was at the bottom of the worst previous post-World War II recession, in 1958.

The key worries in judging the pace

pose of. Automakers last week reported that sales during early May, normally a high point in the spring buying season, fell 21% below the already depressed levels of a year earlier. Thus Joseph Pechman and Nathan see very modest economic growth later this year and a moderate advance of 4% to 5% for 1976.

The more optimistic members are betting that a big sell-off of swollen business inventories will soon leave corporations able to reorder goods and cause production to turn up. The Government figures that business inventories in March declined \$1.92 billion, the largest drop on record (see chart). Board members are also banking on a strong surge of consumer spending in the months ahead as a consequence of slowing inflation and the reduction in income tax withholding rates that took effect on May 1. Even more important, the \$100 to \$200 rebate checks that the Government is now mailing to all taxpayers should give retail sales a strong lift.



Liberal members of the board, such as Okun and Pechman, think that a faster upturn is possible, but it would require more Government stimulation of the economy. Most would wait until late this year or early next to see if big new tax cuts or spending programs are necessary, but they believe that some steps could be taken now. At minimum, they think the income tax cut should be extended through 1976 rather than being allowed to expire on Dec. 31, as it will under present law; Congress is almost certain to agree. Some members would also have the Federal Reserve bring down interest rates by expanding the nation's money supply more rapidly than the 5% to 7% rate set as a target for the next twelve months by Fed Chairman Arthur Burns.

Tax Incentives. Okun, in addition, favors relatively modest new revenue-sharing aid to states and cities that are now being forced to lay off workers, cut services and raise taxes. In an unusual proposal for a staunch liberal, Nathan suggests special tax incentives to selected industries so that they could speed up investment in such things as oil-pipe plants and coal transport and build storage facilities to hold a year's stockpile of oil as insurance against another Arab embargo.

Republicans Beryl Sprinkel and Murray Weidenbaum insist that more fiscal and monetary stimuli would pep up the recovery only at the price of reigniting inflation. The rate of consumer price increases has dropped from 12% in 1974 to 3.7% in March, that may have been a fluke, but Eckstein expects it to average 4% to 6% for all of 1976. Sprinkel, however, is concerned that a stepped-up recovery would send inflation up again in 1977, forcing the Gov-

ernment to crack down on demand; that would cause production to fall and unemployment to rise once more.

Pechman, Okun, Nathan and others retool that the economy is operating so far below its potential that for at least the next 18 months or so, a rekindling of inflation need not be feared. They are concerned about inflation from a different aspect: they believe that the savagery of the recession and the subsequent drop in

demand should have forced a sharper slowdown in the rate of price increases than has, in fact, occurred. Businessmen, they suspect, are refusing to cut prices partly because they want to keep profit margins up, partly because they do not think that price cuts expand sales in a modern economy—even though they are supposed to by all traditional free-market precepts. Says Okun: "The free market is on trial."

COMMODITIES

Stabilizing World Prices

Even before the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries began jacking up oil prices in 1973, prices for other raw materials were breaking records. Spurred by shortages and rampant speculation in commodities markets, prices for such staples as copper, rubber, cocoa, coffee, platinum and cotton rose sharply; some had doubled or tripled by mid-1974. But after the oil crisis helped push the West into recession, commodities prices tumbled, in some cases to a third of what they had been at the peak. Copper, for example, rose nearly 300% in 17 months, peaking at \$1.40 per lb. a year ago; this month the price fell as low as 56¢. The roller-coaster performance took its toll on producers and consumers alike. The price upswing aggravated inflation in industrialized countries. The downturn sent shock waves through the nonindustrialized Third World nations, some of whom depend heavily on commodities production for income, and added to pressures for OPEC-style cartels for raw materials other than oil.

Last week, in a move to soften international criticism, the U.S. indicated willingness to abandon its longstanding opposition to agreements aimed at stabilizing commodity prices. In a Kansas City, Mo., speech, Secretary of State

Henry Kissinger said: "We are prepared to discuss new arrangements in individual commodities on a case-by-case basis as circumstances warrant."

Kissinger intended to go much further. A supposedly final draft of his speech, circulated by the State Department to other Government agencies for review, called outright for sweeping agreements covering a broad range of raw materials. But other Administration officials, upset by so abrupt a departure from past insistence that market forces should determine prices, appealed to President Ford and got the "case-by-case" wording substituted.

Opening the Door. Even so, Kissinger's speech indicated that the U.S. will consider price-stabilizing deals in international commodity conferences scheduled for this summer and fall. A preparatory meeting for an international energy conference broke up in Paris last month after the U.S. resisted attempts by Algeria and other Third World nations to open the conference to discussions about raw materials in general, not just oil. Kissinger said last week that the U.S. was now prepared to reopen the talks, although he did not specify that materials should be included.

The U.S. has been opposed to price agreements on two grounds: 1) like car-

TAPPING RUBBER TREES IN SUMATRA; SIFTING COFFEE BEANS IN BRAZIL



ECONOMY & BUSINESS

tels, they often aim to keep prices artificially high; 2) they do not work anyway—supply and demand reality has usually overwhelmed the terms of the deals. But two models do exist:

► The tin agreement among 29 countries, which is managed by the London-based International Tin Council, consisting of producers and consumers. (The U.S. does not belong.) The council maintains the metal's price within a specified range, principally by selling from buffer stocks when demand is high and imposing export quotas to restrict production when prices are falling.

► The Lomé Convention (named for Togo's capital city, where the accord was signed) put into effect earlier this year by the European Economic Community and 46 nations, mostly former European colonies in Africa, covering twelve commodities. When export revenues fall below a reference point, the EEC makes compensating cash payments to commodity producers. When incomes rise above the reference point, the producers must reimburse the EEC.

How many more such agreements might be concluded remains to be seen. The Shah of Iran and many Third World leaders want to "index" raw-materials prices to rates of inflation in the West so that commodity prices will rise as much as the prices of manufactured goods. Kissinger flatly opposes that idea, contending that it would hurt the poorest, most populous nations, which import more raw materials than they export. It is doubtful too that the new U.S. willingness to consider stabilization agreements will diminish commodity producers' desire to form cartels that set prices arbitrarily. Nonetheless, international bodies such as the United Nations Conference on Trade and Development are opening a drive to counter price swings by stabilization agreements—and the timing is good. As world recession eases and industrial production returns toward normal, demand for commodities will rise again, threatening to push prices up once more.

SCANDALS

Gulf Comes Clean

One outgrowth of the Watergate scandal has been an intensified Government probe into contributions by American-based multinational corporations—especially oil companies—to foreign politicians. Two years ago, the Watergate special prosecutor's office, while investigating illegal contributions to Nixon's 1972 campaign, discovered clues indicating that some U.S. firms had also been donating to political parties in other countries. The Securities and Exchange Commission later began looking into the matter. Reason: giving corporate cash to a foreign political party does not in itself violate U.S. law, but disguising the contributions on a compa-



GULF CHAIRMAN DORSEY
Clearing up a mystery.

ny's books might contravene the SEC's reporting requirements. Testifying at a secret SEC hearing early this year, Gulf Oil Chairman Bob Dorsey admitted that his company had indeed given \$4 million to a political party in another country, which he did not name. A Senate Foreign Relations subcommittee decided to look into the foreign policy implications of Gulf's contribution and pressed Dorsey to come clean.

Last week Dorsey did. The \$4 million, he admitted, was paid to the ruling Democratic Republican Party of South Korea. According to Dorsey, the party's financial chairman, the late S. K. Kim, demanded a \$10 million contribution, but settled for \$1 million in 1966 after "heated discussions." Gulf forked over another \$3 million in 1971. Both payments, Dorsey told the committee, were made in response to "pressure which left little to the imagination as to what would occur" to Gulf's Korean holdings if the company said no. Gulf has invested \$300 million in shipbuilding, refineries and polyethylene and fertilizer plants in Korea; the Korean government is a partner in most of these.

Korean politicians have not been the only beneficiaries of Gulf's—or the oil industry's—largesse. Dorsey admitted that Gulf had also donated \$460,000 to former political rulers in Bolivia and had channeled another \$50,000 through Beirut, as he euphemistically put it, to "defray the expenses of a public education program... to bring about a better understanding in America of the Arab-Israeli conflict." He did not say specifically who got that money. Meanwhile, Exxon and Mobil Oil acknowledged last week that they had also made gifts, which they insisted were legal, to political parties in Canada and Italy. For Gulf, there was one painful irony. Prior to Dorsey's Senate testimony, the speculation had been that most of the company's contributions had gone to Latin

America. Last week the leftist military in Peru nationalized \$2 million worth of Gulf service stations, accusing the company of "notorious, immoral conduct"—presumably meaning interference in Peruvian politics—even though there has been no evidence so far that Gulf made any contribution in Peru.

CORPORATIONS

New Top Banana

Most executives would think at least twice before agreeing to take over the management of a multinational food company plagued by heavy losses, bitter internal feuds and a sensational international bribery scandal. When Wallace W. Booth was first offered the chief executive's job at United Brands Co. two months ago, he promptly declined. Booth did not feel that his experience suited him for running a food company. During 20 years with Ford Motor Co., he played a major role in setting up the company's financial control system, became a director and eventually headed Ford's Australian subsidiary. In 1968 Booth joined the Rockwell International Corp., a Pittsburgh-based company that manufactures such durable goods as missiles and other space vehicles, gears, filters and textile machinery.

Second Woeing. But after seven years with Rockwell, Booth, 52, was at a crossroads. He had resigned as a senior vice president, director and member of the executive committee at Rockwell, where the chief executive was only two years older than he. "I didn't see a clear path to the top," Booth says. So when United Brands asked him a second time to head the company, he agreed, and last week was elected president.

Booth steps into one of the hottest spots in U.S. business. United Brands lost \$47 million in 1974 (on sales of more than \$2 billion), as both of its main businesses—John Morrell & Co., a meat-packing firm, and Chiquita bananas—turned down. The losses were caused

UNITED BRANDS CHIEF BOOTH





chiefly by Hurricane Fifi, which destroyed 70% of United Brands' banana crops in Honduras, and a sharp rise in the cost of cattle feed.

The company has had no leader since the February suicide of Chairman Eli M. Black, who had created United Brands in 1970 by merging his own AMK Corp. with United Fruit Co. A Securities and Exchange Commission investigation into Black's death uncovered a \$1.25 million bribe United Brands had paid to a high official in Honduras in order to win a reduction in export taxes on bananas (TIME, April 21).^{*} Last week the company disclosed that the U.S. Attorney in New York had subpoenaed documents relating to other possible pay-offs in Italy, West Germany, Panama and Costa Rica.

Following Black's death, a long-simmering power struggle on the 14-man board intensified. On one side were supporters of Norman Alexander, chairman of Sun Chemical Corp. and a longtime friend of Black's who had joined the board to help find a successor. Opposing Alexander was a faction backing Edward Gelsthorpe, 53, United Brands' executive vice president and chief operating officer. He ran the Boston office and was the man considered most likely to succeed Black. As United Brands' losses mounted, the two men clashed so often that Black threatened to fire Gelsthorpe.

Black's critics charge that he was unable to delegate authority or tolerate dissent. Some of them also claim that he was severely debilitated during the last months of his life by reliance on a sedative and that he took it in large doses that affected his memory and judgment. Black's supporters, on the other hand, claim that Gelsthorpe and his allies in Boston cooked up a "Caine mutiny" against Black. The friction got so explosive that at one board meeting, when a director called in from a yacht in the Caribbean to vote for a slate of new board members endorsed by Alexander, one of Alexander's opponents ripped the intercom from the wall so that the vote could not be recorded.

Boardroom Detente. At length Gelsthorpe concluded that to stop the quarreling "it was imperative that this company bring in somebody not in any way involved in the events of the past months." His opponents agreed, and the board united to choose Booth and Detroit Investor Max M. Fisher, one of United Brands' biggest stockholders, who becomes acting chairman. In private, each faction still disparages the other; yet the rivals are at the same time

^{*}In Honduras, a six-member committee investigating the bribe concluded that the recipient had been former Economy Minister Abraham Benaïm Ramos. He and Honduran Chief of State Oswaldo López Arellano were both ousted from office last month in the wake of the scandal.

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ECONOMY & BUSINESS

happy with Booth's selection, because it means that neither side won.

Booth's first task will obviously be to stop the feuding, and it will test the decisiveness that has earned him a reputation for sometimes being abrupt and abrasive. "I could settle something with him in ten or 15 minutes that would take three hours with almost anyone else," recalls a former colleague, "but I never went to him with a half-formed idea." Beyond knocking heads together, Booth faces a formidable array of challenges. The company is negotiating to sell off all its holdings in Panama; the discussions were interrupted by the bribery scandal. In connection with the bribes, at least seven stockholder lawsuits have been filed; and in addition to the U.S. Attorney's office in New York, the SEC and a Senate subcommittee are also investigating the company's affairs. Financially, United Brands is saddled with high interest payments on a heavy long-term debt, and it has scared off some investors: for the past few months, some mutual funds have been hurriedly unloading United Brands stock.

INVESTMENT

Reappraisal in Asia

For more than two decades American investment in the Far East has benefited from a strong U.S. military presence. Confident that their invested dollars were reasonably secure, American corporations have poured in excess of \$1 billion since 1964 into new electronic, car assembly and other manufacturing and distributing facilities all along the Pacific rim of Asia. The outlay contributed to rapid economic growth rates—more than 10% in South Korea, Taiwan and the Philippines in 1973—and also to soaring overseas profits for both the multinational companies that pumped in the money and the banks that financed them. Now, in the wake of the Indochina debacle and the uncertainty surrounding U.S. foreign policy elsewhere in Asia, businessmen are starting what President Dorman Commons of the San Francisco-based Natomas Co., an oil firm active in Asia, calls "a major reassessment of the role of U.S. investment in the Pacific."

Privately, several American corporate and banking executives admit that a number of capital outlays in Asia are being quietly deferred; others are being "downgraded" or assigned to higher-risk categories, meaning that bankers scrutinize them more carefully. As a result of the reappraisal and the worldwide recession, total U.S. investment in Asia is expected to slow down. The country that will be affected most is Thailand, where Communist-backed insurgents have already become more aggressive. Some investors there are also dismayed by the Thai government's insistence on reducing the American military presence in



TELEVISION SETS BEING INSPECTED AT ADMIRAL'S TAIWAN SUBSIDIARY
Gone are the days when capital came wrapped in the flag.

order to appease Communist neighbors, a situation aggravated by last week's events off the coast of Cambodia.

In Thailand, American companies have more than \$120 million invested, largely in rubber tires, textiles and electronics. Preparing to journey for a firsthand look at the Asian situation, National Semiconductor Corp. President Charles Sporck last week termed his company's Thai assembly plant "a source of concern." He added that despite Thai government assurances that the plant is secure, "to tell you the honest truth, I'm not so sure." In the first quarter of 1975, applications to invest in Thailand from U.S. and other firms fell more than 50% below a year ago. Says Mitsuo Unabara, a Japanese banker in Bangkok: "People are becoming reluctant to invest more because of the situations in Cambodia and Saigon, and they rather like to wait and see."

What they have seen thus far can hardly be reassuring. Although the Thai economy remains strong, stepped-up guerrilla attacks have forced a shutdown of operations by three U.S.-Thai mining companies, an Italian construction concern and an American oil firm. Last week a group of bankers in New York to discuss a new Thai oil-drilling venture had their meeting interrupted by the news that U.S. Air Force planes had sunk Cambodian ships. They adjourned to await further news.

No Guarantees. In Viet Nam, U.S. firms lost about \$25 million of invested capital (TIME, April 21). At least part of that eventually may be recouped through insurance from the U.S. Government's Overseas Private Investment Corporation. Nonetheless, the loss reinforced an awareness that the safety of U.S. investments is no longer guaranteed, even implicitly, by American troops, air and sea power. Says Bank of America Executive Vice President Louie Mulken: "Capital does not come wrapped in a flag any more." That fact

almost certainly opens the way for accelerated Japanese business expansion in the region. Japan already has strengthened its commercial ties with North Viet Nam and seems well on its way toward replacing the U.S. as the major financial power in Asia. Says a vice president of Manhattan's First National City Bank somewhat wistfully: "Perhaps we can now learn from the Japanese how to operate with only an economic and not a military presence." The learning process, in fact, may have already begun. Bankers detect a trend toward more U.S.-Japanese and other joint ventures and fewer solo investment efforts. In the long run, they believe that the reappraisal could lead to a healthier investing climate throughout Asia.

TRADE

Israeli Breakthrough

Compounding the political isolation that has beset Israel in recent months has been longstanding if less severe economic isolation: the Jewish state belongs to no trade bloc in which it can sell its products under low tariffs, a fact that aggravated a \$3.5 billion trade deficit that last year forced a 43% devaluation of the Israeli pound. But in Brussels last week Israel achieved a significant breakthrough from its loneliness. The nine-nation European Economic Community signed an agreement that greatly reduces tariff barriers on sales of Israeli goods to the Common Market and assures Israel there will be no arbitrary cutoff of supplies of such essential items as chemicals and metals in time of crisis.

Politically, the agreement is a sign that Europe has not abandoned Israel, despite its 70% dependence on oil from Arab lands and many indications that it was caving in (in 1973, for example, the Common Market drafted a strongly pro-Arab resolution embracing Cairo's argu-

ments in cease-fire negotiations). Economically, the pact should help Israeli exports of oranges, chemicals and electronic products. As of July 1, Common Market tariffs on those and other Israeli goods will be lowered 40% to 80%; by mid-1977, there will be no tariffs on Israeli industrial exports to the EEC.

Israel, however, will be permitted to retain full tariffs on many industrial imports from the Common Market until 1977. After that, tariffs will be gradually reduced, but some duties may last until 1989, by which time the Israeli economy will supposedly be able to withstand the full rigors of international competition—a sort of commercial bar mitzvah. Israel has been allowed favorable treatment in the early stages of the pact because it now imports far more from the EEC than it exports. In 1974 it bought \$2 billion worth of Common Market goods, such as automobiles and heavy machinery, nearly three times as much as it sold to the EEC.

Perhaps even more significant, the pact may well provide a commercial link of sorts between Israel and the Arab

the EEC-Israeli accord, but at the fact that it was signed before any Arab state was brought into the EEC's scheme for a Mediterranean free-trade area.

The Israelis also scored with an economic accord signed in Washington last week by Finance Minister Yehoshua Rabinowitz. Unlike the EEC pact, it touches only lightly on trade matters, but provides for joint financing of a \$20 million desalination plant, the supply of raw materials by the U.S. and, most important, the encouragement of private U.S. investment in Israel—which was down 50% in the recession year 1974.

TECHNOLOGY

Goodbye to a Chimera

To Charles de Gaulle, computer logic was politically straightforward: France, he insisted, must develop a home-grown computer industry capable of competing with the American giants, particularly IBM. For nearly nine years the French government followed his Plan Calcul. Last week France abandoned its pursuit of that chimera and approved the merger of the Compagnie Internationale pour l'Informatique, a 24% government-controlled computer company, with Honeywell Bull, the Paris-based subsidiary of the U.S. computer maker Honeywell Inc.

The deal marks the second time in two decades that a French computer firm has been taken over by an American one. In 1963 General Electric made a bid to acquire 20% of the ailing Compagnie des Machines Bull, whose shares were once so alluring that it was sometimes called the "Brigitte Bardot of French industry." De Gaulle rejected the offer and instructed then Finance Minister Valéry Giscard d'Estaing to find a "solution française." But the assignment proved impossible, and GE finally gained the equivalent of a 50% stake for \$43 million in 1964.

Infuriated, De Gaulle ordered the creation of a competitor, and three small computer firms were eventually welded into the Compagnie Internationale pour

l'Informatique, known as CII. It never really gave Americans much competition. GE increased its holding in Machines Bull to 66% and then sold its interest to Honeywell in 1970. Under the leadership of a former IBM engineer, Jean-Pierre Brulé, Honeywell Bull earned a \$25.3 million profit in 1974 on sales of \$534 million and enjoyed a solid 18%-to-20% share of the French market. By contrast, even with massive infusions of government capital, CII never made money, and its share of the French market remained below 10%. In early 1973, a major CII stockholder, the Compagnie Générale d'Électricité (CGE), began lobbying for a merger with Honeywell Bull. As orders for the first quarter of 1975 lagged 75% behind CII's projections, the government gave in.

France managed to save some face and preserve an image of national ownership. It will own 17% of Compagnie Internationale pour l'Informatique "CII-Honeywell Bull." The deal also commits Honeywell to sell 19% of its interest in Honeywell Bull to the French government and CGE for "about" \$60 million. Eventually, 53% of Honeywell Bull stock will be in French hands, but Honeywell, with its resources and familiarity with the U.S. market, will remain the dominant partner. Beyond that, the French government will endow the company with slightly less than \$300 million—mainly in the form of research contracts and study grants during the next four years and give it preferential treatment in awarding contracts.

Political Storm. In France the merger has touched off a political storm. Communists called the deal "sabotage," and Gaullists termed it a "deception." Nonetheless, the deal promises to relieve a drain on the public budget; CII may have chewed up as much as \$500 million in government funds over the past 8½ years. A purely European solution, like a full merger with Philips of The Netherlands and Siemens of West Germany, would have left the French in a decidedly minority position and without access to the American market, which its marriage with Honeywell Bull now promises.

FRUIT AWAITING EXPORT FROM ISRAEL
Protection until the bar mitzvah.

states—at least in the sense that they will both be privileged trading partners of the EEC. The agreement with Israel is only an initial step in an ambitious Common Market plan to tie the whole Mediterranean basin into a free-trade area linked to the EEC. The Europeans are now negotiating similar agreements with the nations of the Maghreb (Algeria, Tunisia and Morocco), to be followed eventually by pacts with Egypt, Jordan, Lebanon and Syria.

Predictably, Arab countries protested the agreement with Israel: Algeria requested cancellation of an Arab-Common Market parity that was in the last stages of preparation. The Arabs' pique seemed to be directed not so much at

DEMONSTRATORS URGING FRENCH CONTROL OF COMPUTER FIRM LAST JANUARY



Small Change

THE FORTUNE

Directed by MIKE NICHOLS

Screenplay by ADRIEN JOYCE

Oscar (Jack Nicholson) and Nicky (Warren Beatty) would figure very high up on any list of incompetent con men. It takes some of Oscar's and Nicky's own talent for self-destructiveness to bungle a story about their mismanaged capers, and Mike Nichols has spared no effort to this end. *The Fortune* is a bleak, frost-bitten farce, desperate for invention and rather a sham.

The story can be quickly told, although not, unfortunately, by Nichols or his pseudonymous Scenarist Adrienne Joyce (Carol Eastman, who wrote *Five Easy Pieces*). The movie is barely 90 minutes long, but it lingers badly. Oscar and Nicky latch on to a rich girl (Stockard Channing) whose worldly goods they hope to inherit. She is the heiress to a sanitary-napkin fortune, and to get her money one of the boys must marry her. Although Nicky has eyes for the girl, he is already wed. This leaves Oscar, who consents out of deference both to the caper and to the Mann Act. The heiress is not yet 21.

Oscar may be the husband of record, but it is Nicky who shares the new bride's bed. This gets Oscar a little crazy, at first because he appears to be losing his best friend, then because he starts to get interested in his bride himself. Via plane and Pullman (this is the 1920s), the trio work their way out to Los Angeles, where they set up housekeeping

in a new but already tumble-down garden apartment. The usual jealousies and rivalries flourish and take on fresh coloration, until Oscar and Nicky roll on the kitchen floor, battling furiously with each other, while the excluded bride yells, "Let me alone, let me alone!" After the temporary cessation of hostilities, she announces her decision to leave the whole fortune to charity. So Oscar and Nicky quickly—and not entirely reluctantly—realize that murder is their only answer.

Comedy of Murders. This plot bears marked similarities to Elaine May's first feature, *A New Leaf* (1971), and the difference in the two movies reveals something about Nichols and his former partner. *A New Leaf* was dark, crazy and exhilaratingly wacky. *The Fortune*, which also becomes a comedy of murders, is safe and smug. When the boys first try to kill the girl, they dump her in a tiny fountain in two inches of water and creep away, expecting her to drown. The gag does not work because it is clear that the girl is in no peril. Elaine May put her heroine directly in harm's way, and managed to make the murderous husband funny at the same time. Nichols just plays it all too cozy.

It is also difficult to determine exactly what he and Eastman wanted this movie to be about. A sermon on the wages of greed seems altogether too trite. A satire on the still flourishing genre of buddy films seems a little more likely. Oscar closes the triangle one day when Nicky is away by seducing his bride. The fact that she is wearing Nicky's vest, shirt and knickers at the time only seems

to add piquancy to the situation. The boys have given her the nickname Freddie, which makes a further contribution to the coy confusion of sexual identities. Like everything else in *The Fortune*, though, this is a direction that leads nowhere. Indeed, all the couplings in the movie, whether implied, attempted or interrupted, are gloomy and joyless. Passion is a ploy, and sex is a matter of control. This sort of acrid cynicism smotherers the exuberance farce must have.

For laughs, *The Fortune* offers arch vintage dialogue ("I refer to it *à propos* that little cream catcher on your lip," or "Why did they have to go and call the police? Boo hoo") and a full catalogue of recycled sight gags. There are jokes about lovers parking at the beach, about not being able to slip a wedding ring onto a finger and about the new bride's poisonous efforts in the kitchen. There are also snoopy landlady jokes, and some primitive visual puns. "I'll just give you a little peck on the cheek," Freddie says coyly to Oscar, as the camera pans over to her pet chicken pecking away at some seed. Watching this, one is hard pressed to remember where Nichols ever got the reputation for being clever. *The Fortune* is not even smooth enough to be called glib.

The best and clearest indication of this can be found in the acting. Instead of being funny—which requires some degree of seriousness—Nicholson and Beatty act funny. Beatty flails around in his part, trying to bag jokes like a man catching flies. Nicholson is more successful because he is more comfortable with character work. Although he is given to making pained funny faces, he has at least one fine moment: buckling immediately under the most casual police inquiry, he blurts out a confession to a murder that has not taken place. Newcomer Stockard Channing also mugs, but she has neither the confidence of Beatty and Nicholson—which can come with experience—or their charm, which cannot. ■ Jay Cocks

L.A. Roundelay

ALPHA, BOBBY AND ROSE

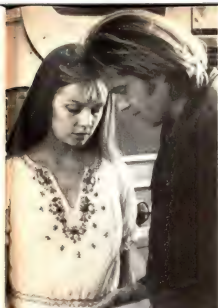
Directed and Written by

FLOYD MUTRUX

At the beginning of Joan Didion's novel *Play It As It Lays*, the numb and desperate heroine returns from a day spent driving along the Los Angeles freeways. She lies in her dark bedroom and stares at the ceiling, where freeway signs keep flashing overhead. It is a typical L.A. hallucination, part anxiety and part lassitude, and it comes to mind during this film. *Alpha, Bobby and Rose* could well be the next attraction on that ceiling.

Bobby (Paul Le Mat, of *American*





HULL & LE MAT IN ALOHA
Sunny side down.

Graffiti is a goodhearted lunkhead whose brain is made of spare racing parts. His Camaro is his pride and his life source until Rose (Dianne Hull) happens along. Rose works behind the counter in one of those drive-up hash houses in the Valley, and she is foxxy enough to give the Camaro some healthy competition for Bobby's affections. They meet one rainy day when Bobby, a mechanic, drives Rose's VW back from the garage. Soon the VW is left behind, along with Rose's five-year-old child, as the lovers take off for a weekend romance. What brings Bobby and Rose together besides fate and the exigencies of the script, is a little difficult to determine. On the other hand, there is no commanding reason why they should not fall in love—which is the quality of motivation throughout the film. Anyway, the romance of Bobby and Rose is a good deal more plausible than the grim and wholly unlikely fate Director-Writer Floyd Mutrux cooks up for them.

Shards of Culture. *Aloha, Bobby*, and *Rose* is pretty silly, but it does capture well a certain scruffy, sunny-side-down quality of L.A. life. Mutrux and Cinematographer William A. Fraker have put the movie together out of shards of Southern California culture rides along the Strip and across the border to Tijuana, burger stands and indoor ice-skating rinks, the patchy wilderness above the city along parts of Mulholland Drive. Mutrux can be affectionately funny about his characters. Rose describes how she blew her one good shot at fame—on *Let's Make a Deal* a pal of Bobby's at the garage sees a bright future because he just got accepted to transmission school. But these lives are ironic artifacts rather than the stuff of high drama, which is what Mutrux would dearly like them to be. Pop culture is fine, but a Camaro is still not the ideal vehicle for tragedy, not even in L.A.

■ Jay Cocks

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Run to Ground

LE SECRET

Directed by ROBERT ENRICO
Screenplay by ROBERT ENRICO
and PASCAL JARDIN

It is a good deal easier to hint at terror than to give it substance. Director Robert Enrico takes a very easy route indeed in *Le Secret*, which has to do with the sweaty anxieties of Jean-Louis Trintignant as he dodges the persistent minions of his fate. Trintignant, imperviously dour, plays a fellow named David who has discovered an inhumane and generally horrendous secret government project and been tossed into prison. So terrible was David's accidental revelation that he can hardly bring himself to talk about it, much less go into all the gory details. His maddeningly mute fear may be a poor substitute for true suspense, but it is all Enrico has to offer.

David escapes from his dank cell and gets out into the countryside. Loaded down with tins of canned goods and an automatic pistol, he starts to make his way to a small mountain cabin which, it turns out, has already been destroyed by a natural disaster. This piece of information is relayed by an urbane eccentric named Thomas (Philippe Noiret) who encounters David in the middle of his trek. Thomas offers David shelter, food and his wife, a pert sculptress

named Julia (Marlene Jobert)—although he reserves the right to act wounded when his guest takes him up on all three. Thomas and Julia are enchanted with David's brooding tales of terror, and they are persuaded of his veracity when grim-looking fellows with guns start hanging around.

This is all fairly standard stuff: the one element that could have made the difference—a novel, incisive reason for David's fear—is absent. The only secret here is in the title. Some years back, Robert Enrico made a highly regarded short film of Ambrose Bierce's *An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge*. His new film is turned out with the same sort of spare, elliptical edginess, but it lacks the force of Bierce's classic surprise ending. *Le Secret* can only build to its own irresolution.

■ J.C.

Small Moments

THE REINCARNATION OF PETER PROUD

Directed by J. LEE THOMPSON
Screenplay by MAX EHRLICH

There is no reason to expect it, but a remarkable scene occurs somewhere in the middle of this befogged exercise. An old woman named Anne Ives plays the mother of a murdered man who has been reincarnated inside Michael Sarrazin. Now Sarrazin himself has some doubts about this nagging notion of dou-

ble identity. It afflicts him, for one thing, with an annoying case of *déjà vu*, which recurs like a migraine. Quite understandably, he would prefer not to believe that he is a gentleman who distressed a great many young ladies some decades ago. There is no fooling Mother, however, who is as surprised to recognize her son as Sarrazin is alarmed.

Ives is an unfamiliar face, which seems a shame. While everyone else involved with *The Reincarnation of Peter Proud* falls victim to the prevailing foolishness, Ives moves gamely ahead. Against all odds—and Director J. Lee Thompson (*The Guns of Navarone*, *Conquest of the Planet of the Apes*) makes sure there are plenty—she makes a quick, heartbreaking sketch of the sad, saving reveries of age. She has all the unplanned grace and unguarded, surprised emotion of a non-professional, and it is a pleasure to salute her.

It must also be said, however, that her appearance takes up about two minutes of what is otherwise a woeful enterprise. The nominal stars of the show, besides the zealously mediocre Sarrazin, are Jennifer O'Neill, who always looks freshly daubed, Margot Kidder, who drinks heavily and masturbates in the bathtub, and Cornelia Sharpe, struggling to speak words over a single syllable. Ives is perhaps a half-century older than these women, but they do not have a thing on her.

■ J.C.

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Sea Changes

FAR TORTUGA

by PETER MATTHIESSEN

408 pages. Random House, \$10.95.

Captain Raib Avers and eight ragged black and mulatto crewmen set out from Grand Cayman Island to hunt turtles in the southwest Caribbean. Their ship is the *Lillas Eden*, a once proud schooner now yoked to brand-new twin diesel engines in its converted cargo hold. Avers' legendary temper is even blacker than usual. Though it is late in the turtle season, he needs a good catch to pay for the overhaul of his ship. He rashly refuses to worry about *Eden's* lack of a chronometer, life jackets, fire extinguishers, or a radio that can send as well as receive. In a profession where a single mistake can be fatal, Avers brazenly courts calamity.

Literary sea voyages often carry a heavy ballast of allegory. The potential, after all, is readymade; it requires no great leap of imagination to see a ship as a tiny world adrift in eternity. *Far Tortuga* shuns such metaphysics in favor of hard surfaces. Avers is no Captain Ahab, nor is the *Eden* a ship of fools. The captain and his crew simply make up an exotic collection of drifters, drunks, petty criminals and indefatigable optimists, worth knowing, this novel implies, for their own sakes.

Silver Showers. To prove this point, Matthiessen writes the novel (his fifth) as if he were on board the *Eden* and living on short rations. Every fictional resource is jettisoned except snippets of descriptive prose and huge chunks of West Indian pidgin dialect ("Dis de oniest place I ever see bonita on de inside of de reef"). He does not even allow himself access to his characters' thoughts. As far as this novel is concerned, they are what they say.

Far Tortuga therefore sets sail with a babel of unattributed dialogue swimming in blinding expanses of white space. Pages go by bearing single words: "Polaris," "horizon." Taken singly, these pages seem too easy, too close to the work of lazy poets who write a word like "loneliness" in the middle of a blank piece of paper and call it an insight.

But soon a wind starts to whistle somewhere behind those empty spaces. The rhythmic monotony on board ship ("Will relieves Buddy, Byrum relieves Will, Woddes relieves Byrum") is broken by staccato quarrels and spurts of activity when the turtles are hauled in. The crew members emerge from anonymity as their speech patterns and private obsessions are repeated. The dialects begin to tease the ear with unheard melodies. Descriptive passages, when they occur, achieve a haunting beauty: "Where the bonita chop the surface, the

minnows spray into the air in silver showers, all across the sunlit coral."

Matthiessen is a noted explorer and naturalist as well as a novelist. Back in 1967, he sailed on a turtle boat out of Grand Cayman. As thoroughly as possible with words on paper, he has duplicated that experience, creating along the way an uncommonly successful mixture of fact and fiction. *Far Tortuga* is a treatise on turtling, an account of the dying days of sailing ships on unspoiled waters, and a history of a locale that winter tourists tripping through the Caribbean

the Lord (1965), is regarded as a minor classic that pits "civilized" folk against the innocence of a primitive South American tribe. "The ominous overtones of South America both repelled and attracted me," recalls Matthiessen. "There is an incipient air of violence, a heart-of-darkness atmosphere."

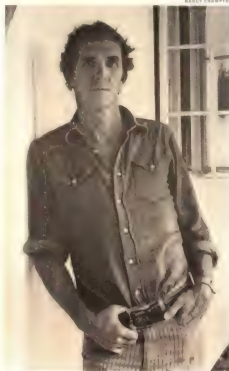
Matthiessen's life began with a rich and stable childhood in New York City. He received a gilt-edged education at Hotchkiss and Yale, along with a junior year at the Sorbonne. After his graduation in 1950, he began writing

short stories and a first novel, then headed back to Paris in 1951 where the colony of American writers included Richard Wright, James Baldwin and Terry Southern. At a bar in Montparnasse, Matthiessen and some friends lamented the critical pretentiousness of most little magazines and, with a \$1,000 investment, produced the first issue of the *Paris Review*, a graceful literary magazine still going strong.

Matthiessen's career as an explorer began in the U.S. in 1956, while he was doing research for an article on American wildlife. Though he had nothing more than a childhood passion for snakes and college courses in botany and zoology as background, Matthiessen loaded his green Ford convertible with textbooks, a shotgun and sleeping bag, and set off to see every wildlife refuge in the country. Nearly three years of work produced a book and a loose understanding with *The New Yorker*, which has since helped underwrite some of Matthiessen's explorations. These have included trips to South America, New Guinea (in the same expedition on which Nelson Rockefeller's son Michael was lost), the Bering Sea, Africa, the southwest Caribbean of *Far Tortuga* and most recently Nepal and the Himalayas to look for snow leopards.

Matthiessen has tried some inward travel too. Experiments with mescaline and LSD led him to Zen, which he credits with helping him and his second wife bear her fatal illness two years ago (his first marriage ended in divorce in 1958). "Drugs show you where to go," he says, "but they don't get you there. The point of Zen training is to learn to pay attention to the present moment."

Matthiessen calls himself "too freaky" to go into politics. But he is deeply committed to the subject of his only political book—on United Farm Workers Leader Cesar Chavez. Matthiessen



PETER MATTHIESSEN

Chunks of West Indian pidgin.

bean rarely see. Most memorably, it is a spare adventure tale about simple men driven to the extremities of pain and death by ignorance, greed, weakness and inexplicable fate.

■Paul Gray

"My readers think I'm much older," says Peter Matthiessen, 47. "I guess they figure all nature writers must be somewhere in their 80s." Though his curly hair and lean cowboy frame suggest anything but senescence, the range of Matthiessen's literary output might well suggest a much older man—or several younger ones. In a sense, he is two writers: the world-traveling author of seven respected books on exploration and naturalism (including *Wildlife in America*), and a novelist whose best-known work, *At Play in the Fields of*

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BOOKS

regards Chavez as "the perhaps single leader worthy of the name in the whole country," and he sometimes performs small chores for the farm workers. These days, he spends most of his time at his home far out on Long Island, writing in the mornings and playing with Alexander, 10, the youngest of his four children, most afternoons. Matthiessen expresses mild disappointment that his nonfiction books are better known than his novels: "Nonfiction writing is like building a cabinet. I know how to do it. Now I'd like to experiment."

Wild Easterns

Battling against the oily tides of history, the publishing industry has decided to exploit the Arabs. A certain amount of pluck is necessary. By next year, who knows? Arab interests may have brought into the American omniscience so many publishing houses these days.

Eric Ambler has been charting the Middle East menace for years, sketching shabby cityscapes on the backs of greasy menu cards. The torpid and unheroic hero of Ambler's books, however, scuttles wretchedly about, energized by greed and knowledge that their visas have expired. If repressive authority enters, it is in the person of an oxlike police corporal whose face bulges out of the top of a gray wool uniform that looks as if it had been boiled.

There is none of Ambler's brilliant seediness in the new breed of wild Eastern suspense books. Plots and characters of a dozen or more titles all derive from the same headlines—during the fall of 1972—when Black September terrorists murdered 11 Israeli athletes at the Munich Olympics. Villainous Palestinians, flinty Israeli secret police and slightly less heroic American and English spooks never seem to lack technical expertise, first-class plane fare or a large supply of plastic explosives and Kalashnikovs (the Russian submachine guns favored by thriller writers).

The horrors planned by the fictional bad guys are no more grandiose than those that actually do occur. Yet somehow, one of Ambler's losers, worrying about how to get through a grubby border station and about the things that will happen to him if he does not succeed, generates more uneasiness in the reader than any of the new terrorist melodramas. Is the problem that guerrilla theater is bad art, too charged with bombast to seem real, even when real people are dying? Like Western heads of state, thriller writers do not seem to know what to make—money aside—of the Arabs. In nearly all these books, Arabs tend to sound like parodies of Yasser Arafat delivering a hate broadcast. They are also weak-minded and inept, thus easily foiled by the good guys, who are rarely American.

Black Sunday, a national bestseller by Thomas Harris (Putnam; \$7.95), sup-

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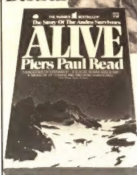


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poses an attempt to obliterate a Super Bowl football game (hurrah!) along with (alas!) both teams, the TV play-by-play and color men, beer vendors, pigeons, Pinkertons and some 100,000 spectators, including the President of the U.S. The sociopath who plans this provocation is not an Arab but a defecting American named Lander, who went sour while serving time as a P.O.W. in North Viet Nam. Now he pilots the advertising blimp that floats (aha!) above every important football contest. To get all the plastic explosive he needs, Lander applies to the Palestinians, an alarming people indeed: "Najeer... wore a hood of shadow. His hands were in the light and they toyed with a black commando knife... 'Do it, Dahlia. Kill as many as you can.'"

The Gary Cooper role goes to Major Kabakov of the Israeli Secret Service, a tough mensh who (unlike the book's CIA men) is in no danger of stepping on his own necktie. Kabakov's stalking of Dahlia and Lander is competently described, violent, technically interesting and utterly predictable.

A Clash of Hawks by Robert Charles (Pinnacle; \$1.25) is memorable for its second sentence: "The 200-foot high derrick was a black, latticed steel phallus raping the hot, virginal blue sky."

Mockery in Arms by James Aldridge (Little, Brown; \$7.95) is the only book of the lot that succeeds as a novel and not simply as a page turner. The author is fascinated by the wild, squabbling, Kurdish people of Iran, Iraq and Turkey, and their struggle for independence. A discovery of natural gas and oil in Kurdish territory seems a likely source of financing for the Kurds, but when they try to buy arms with the money officially paid for exploitation rights, the funds disappear into Europe's banking system. A Scottish paleontologist named MacGregor tries to help, and his investigation takes him to Paris at the time of the 1968 student rebellion. Textures are well observed: the roughness of Kurdish mountain men, the slithery politesse of European moneybags. There is a convincing smell of burnt insulation; it is clear that neither the French

students' revolt nor that of the Kurds ever had the slightest chance of success.

Arafat Is Next by Lionel Black (Stein & Day; \$7.95) would be a standard assassination entertainment, except that the target is a real political figure: the Palestine Liberation Organization chief. An element of bad taste seems to enter here, as well as bad literary judgment. The literary problem is that since Arafat is in fact not dead and the plot is not cast in the future, the reader knows that the assassination must fail. Frederick Forsyth managed to turn this liability into an asset in *The Day of the Jackal*. Black fails to do so, and the book's only suspense is in learning what form failure will take.

The Forty-First Thief by Edward A. Pollitz Jr. (Delacorte; \$8.95) is a perfect book for someone stranded at an airport by a delayed flight. It is well enough written to hold boredom temporarily at bay but so trivial that if left behind at O'Hare Airport, one would be less disturbed than if one had misplaced a book of matches. The author's fancy here is that an eccentric inventor, working in secrecy at St.-Tropez, is on the point of perfecting a solar-powered car. The Arabs are out to stop him before he sells his process to General Motors, thus weaning the West away from its petroleum habit. When all seems lost, one of the bad Arabs reveals himself to be a good Arab, determined to make peace with Israel and save the GM third-quarter profits. Some of the figures in this fantasy—notably an ancient tyrant in French Intelligence—are worth a smile.

The Gargoyle Conspiracy by Marvin Albert (Doubleday; \$7.95) assumes, perhaps wrongly, that the expunging of any American Secretary of State would be a staggering blow to Western civilization. The Palestinians who plan this misdeed lay their trap, rather self-indulgently, in the South of France. They are foiled, as they seem to be regularly in thrillers and less often in real life. The details are not especially interesting, but one bit of irony is worth mentioning. A terrorist, Selim, is found dead. Did he commit suicide to avoid capture? Certainly not, his English adversary concludes; no terror-

ist has ever been held for longer than eight months in a European jail. Why die when you can fly?

Operation Kuwait and Eleven Bullets for Mohammed by Harry Arvey (Bantam; \$1.25 each) are the noisiest and most simple-minded of all the current Kalashnikov operas. The author is an Israeli billed as a "former undercover agent." The cover of the Kuwait book, which is about an attack on a Black September training camp, exactly describes the product: "Time-bomb excitement! Nonstop action! The crack Israeli Secret Service vs. the International Sky Terrorists." These two wild Easterns are part of an Arvey series. At least three more such thunderclaps are threatened in fiscal '75.

■ John Skow

Best Sellers

FICTION

- 1—*The Moneychangers*, Hailey (1 last week)
- 2—*Centennial*, Michener (2)
- 3—*The Dreadful Lemon Sky*, MacDonald (3)
- 4—*The Promise of Joy*, Drury (5)
- 5—*A Month of Sundays*, Updike (4)
- 6—*The Seven-Per-Cent Solution*, Meyer (6)
- 7—*Shardik*, Adams
- 8—*Black Sunday*, Harris (10)
- 9—*The Massacre at Fall Creek*, West (7)
- 10—*Spindrift*, Whitney

NONFICTION

- 1—*The Bermuda Triangle*, Berlitz (1)
- 2—*The Ascent of Man*, Bronowski (4)
- 3—*Here at The New Yorker*, Giff (2)
- 4—*Total Fitness*, Morehouse & Grass (5)
- 5—*Helter Skelter: The True Story of the Manson Murders*, Bugliosi with Gentry (3)
- 6—*The Bankers*, Mayer (6)
- 7—*Total Woman*, Morgan (10)
- 8—*Conversations with Kennedy*, Bradlee
- 9—*When I Say No, I Feel Guilty*, Smith (8)
- 10—*You Can Get There from Here*, MacLaine (7)

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